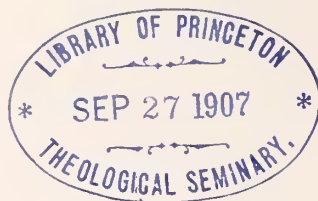


THROUGH THE  
HEART OF  
BRAZIL


BY

FRED. C. GLASS



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Through the heart of Brazil





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*“Through the heart of Brazil.”*

A DIARY  
OF INCIDENT AND ADVENTURE, DURING  
A GOSPEL EXPEDITION OF ABOUT 5,000 MILES  
BY RIVER, RAIL, AND ROAD, IN AND  
AROUND BRAZIL, WITH SOME  
INFORMATION ABOUT THE  
INTERIOR INDIAN TRIBES.



*Frederick C. Glass.* -

(14 YEARS RESIDENT IN BRAZIL)

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# PREFACE.



*“ My heart overfloweth with a goodly matter,  
My pen is the pen of a ready writer.”*

THE words of the Psalmist aptly describe the work of the author of this book, whose pen flows in the service of his King, and with such inspiration that the reader is enabled to accompany him and his brother, George, in their travels through Brazil, and share with them the thrill of their experiences and adventures by the way.

The story gives rise to some such emotions as when reading the Acts of the Apostles, for here are seen sure evidences of the old transforming Power, ever new to-day, and again manifested in this fresh chapter devoted to South America.

There is in his narrative that which links the bye-gone days of miracles with the present generation.

Oh! that the “ Acts ” of the Holy Spirit in all nations might be so written, as to fire the zeal of the Christian Church, to fulfil at this late hour the great, but neglected, command, and respond to appeals such as this book conveys, by giving themselves and their all for the perishing hosts beyond, receiving the promised hundred-fold in this present time, and, in the end, that joy which alone will be theirs who win souls for Christ. Dan. xii., 3.

ARTHUR T. DENCE.

“ OAKLANDS,”

RYDES HILL,

NEAR GUILDFORD.



BORORÓ INDIANS, STATE OF MATTO GROSSO, BRAZIL.



## Introduction.



**F**ROM their night of 400 years in the darkness of ignorance, superstition and sin, the nations of the South American continent are now awakening, and new ambitions, hopes and aspirations are thrilling the minds and imaginations of all classes of society.

“The Faith,” which their fathers believed, and willingly, or unwillingly, practised as essential to salvation, is little by little losing its hold upon the people, who, with the growth of education, and the propagation of republican ideas of liberty and equality, are now more willing and able to think for themselves, and take nothing for granted.



R.C. PRIEST AND CHAPEL, GOYAZ, BRAZIL.

Against this re-action Rome is strenuously battling, and, as far as she is able, seeks to stem the tide of unbelief and heresy (for which her own shortcomings are mainly responsible), by accom-

modating herself to the spirit of the age. Thus it happens that many, who in the past would have been excommunicated and persecuted for reading the Scriptures without the Bishop's written consent, or for refusing to frequent the confessional, and withdrawing their wives and daughters from its corrupting influence, or for doubting the Roman doctrines of Infallibility, Purgatory, Celibacy, etc., are now tolerated as good Catholics.

To such an extent has this gone, that the old orthodox Roman Catholics may be regarded as forming really one of the smallest religious bodies in South America, and the country is passing into the hands of heretics and infidels. At the same time, by means of this apparently broad-minded policy, together with an increasing appeal to the senses, by greater pomp and magnificence in the services and processions, better music, finer church buildings and other attractions, Romanism still appears to retain her hold upon the masses, particularly among the uneducated classes, and is still to be found publicly burning the Bible, of which she is, as ever, the most implacable enemy.

The "Neglected Continent" has comparatively few friends, and this mainly owing to the lamentable ignorance that prevails at home concerning the actual conditions existing in this vast territory, which occupies more than one-eighth of the earth's surface.

Books on South America, particularly those having reference to Brazil, are not often read, and are indeed as rare as they are incomplete, so that very little information is available to the student, explorer or missionary—at least as far as the inland territories are concerned.

The vast undeveloped vegetable and mineral resources of Brazil; its many interesting aboriginal races, forming about a third of the entire population; its great unexplored territories, and the glorious wonders of its mighty rivers and impenetrable forests, would, if they were better known, excite the interest and curiosity of many of our countrymen, who are on the alert for

new fields of travel and enterprise; and yet the greater part of Brazil is to-day a perfect blank, so far as reliable geographical or geological research is concerned, and much is left to the over-vivid imagination of the map compiler.

There are districts as large as the German Empire that are quite unexplored, and are only inhabited by numerous tribes of savage Indians, living in a perfectly primitive condition, some of whom, probably, are not yet aware that Brazil has been "discovered" for more than four centuries.

Fourteen years' residence in South America has given me a great admiration and love for this wonderful land with its great aspirations, and has convinced me that after many years of political anarchy and priestly opposition, its countries are now coming to the front by leaps and bounds, and form already a factor to be reckoned with in the world's economics. But at the same time it should be evident to all who have the true interests of the Continent at heart, that any material and social progress, which dispenses with the Bible, and ignores the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit, is fictitious and deceitful—nay, delusive to the utmost extreme, as may be verified nearer home than South America. And thus it is just at this epoch that God has called into existence and inspired several agencies, to commence a true reform, without which it were better that this Continent were yet wrapped in its primitive dreams of 400 years ago.

Though these pages deal, mainly, with only one half of the Continent—the Republic of Brazil—yet, the general conditions here described, will be found to exist in greater or less degree throughout the other republics.

The first object of this book is to arouse a more practical interest in the crying needs of this dark land, so long forgotten, so long neglected; and the second, to supply to a limited extent, some useful information for those, who, in the coming days, shall be led to take up some work for God in this field.

The main portion of my story consists of transcriptions from a diary, kept during one of my journeys through South America, amplified here and there, where necessary, to make the narrative both intelligible and useful. In addition to this a chapter is added as an interesting sequel, and as furnishing undeniable proof of the value of those disinterested and noble efforts of the Bible Societies, which have so often brought light and true civilization to little known places on the earth's surface, far in advance of the missionary, the explorer, and, happily, of the trader too.

In conclusion, it is well to add that the author is well aware of many defects in style and composition, and makes no pretensions in that direction, but rather seeks to present a plain unvarnished story, in a simple and straightforward manner, looking to God to bless the reading of it, and use it for His Glory alone.

FREDERICK C. GLASS,  
(South American Evangelical Mission,  
Mount Pleasant, Liverpool.)





## CHAPTER I.



### Brazil and the Brazilians.



RAZIL was accidentally discovered by a Portuguese navigator, who was driven out of his course to the Brazilian coast, on the 3rd May, 1500, while on a voyage to India; the first colony being formed near the present port and city of Santos.

We are told that some thirty years later, these colonists and their half-caste descendants had already formed a numerous and energetic community, which sent out other settlers, who founded the cities of Itú, Santo Andre, and São Paulo, and gradually spread over the Continent. We hear of them later attacking the aborigines, the Spaniards and the Jesuit Missions with indiscriminate fury, opening up the mining districts in the State of Minas, plunging fearlessly into the Brazilian backwoods, and pushing steadily forward and extending the Portuguese domain right up the slopes of the Cordillera. The fact that South America is so equally divided between the Spanish and Portuguese speaking peoples is mainly due to the daring, enterprising spirit of these hardy pioneers. The country, which was gradually colonised, remained a dependency of Portugal until the year 1808, when it became also the refuge of the Royal family, who were driven from the Motherland by the invading French, and who remained in Brazil until after the Peninsular War.

The tie with Portugal was finally severed in 1822, and an independent empire created with a liberal constitution, under the

Portuguese Prince, Dom Pedro, who, after a few years of misrule, abdicated in favour of his son, Dom Pedro II. This sovereign, by his wise, enlightened rule and blameless life, introduced a new era of peace and prosperity, and Brazil began to take its place among the nations.

Though Dom Pedro was a very gifted and liberal-minded man, he was more of a scientist, philanthropist and scholar, than a statesman or politician. He was a great traveller, well-known in England, and a member of several British Scientific Associations; his chief hobby being astronomy. Of a lovable, fatherly disposition, he was venerated by the Brazilian people, but his character and aims not harmonizing with the ambitious spirit of a certain powerful political combination, of a military composition, the aged Emperor was suddenly and unexpectedly dethroned, and deported from his country in the year 1889, before the nation was fully aware of what was happening. He died in exile less than three years afterwards. His last great public act was the total abolition of slavery in the year 1888, a step which materially hastened his downfall.

A Republic was immediately proclaimed; a new Constitution established, similar to that of the United States, and the outcry of indignation was smothered by extravagant and visionary promises of future prosperity and general advantage, or by the strong arm of the military party.

Now, after nearly twenty years of Republican Government, the country is beginning to emerge from the political and commercial chaos and anarchy, for which this rapid change of Government was mainly responsible. Brazil is now entering a new career of great promise and enormous possibilities. Apart from the method of this revolution—which is a blot on the nation's history—there can be no doubt that the responsibility thus thrown upon the people for the management of their own affairs is gradually compelling them to think for themselves. It is of first importance, therefore, that measures be at once taken to turn

## BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS.

this newly awakened intellectual activity into the right direction, as well as to make accessible to the people the materials for a right judgment in all that is highest and best.

Brazil has a population of about 20,000,000 inhabitants, of a rather mixed character. There is very little pure blood, owing to the intermingling of the Indian, African, and white races. The official language, used by all but the Indian tribes, is Portuguese. The Republic has an area of about 3,350,000 square miles (including the Acré territory) and is, therefore, larger than the whole of Europe or the United States, and, after Greater Britain and the Russian Empire, is the third largest country in the world. It possesses a coast line of 3,600 miles. Its greatest breadth from East to West is 2,500 miles; while it is divided up into twenty-one Provinces or States, varying very much in size, population and prosperity, those in the South being more favoured in the latter respect.

On the whole it cannot be considered a mountainous country, for, with the exception of a few districts, principally in the States of Minas, Rio and Goyaz, the country generally rather resembles the South of England in its undulating character, but rises in the far interior to enormous tablelands or plateaux, while the basins of the Amazon and Paraguay mainly consist of great tracts of low-lying grassy plains, often of a marshy character, with intervals of dense, impenetrable forest.

No language can adequately describe the glory of the Brazilian forest, with its endless variety of trees, many of which are very rare and valuable. The vivid contrasts in colour and form; the beauty of its many varied palms and tree ferns; the thickets formed by giant creepers, which hang from branch to branch; the brilliant blossoms on tree and bush; the wonderful orchids and gorgeous butterflies of every hue; the flocks of chattering parrots and the soft agreeable rustle of the humming-bird, darting here and there among the trees and flowers, form some of the features of this lovely scene.

The climate varies very much according to the latitude and character of the country, but generally it may be considered as good, especially in the interior and highlands.

The most important cities are:—

Rio de Janeiro (Capital of the Republic), with a population of about 700,000. A splendid and busy seaport, which has been greatly improved within the last few years. It contains one of the finest avenues in the world, cutting through the centre of the city from sea to sea, and is beautifully situated in a mountain-locked natural harbour, considered to be finer than that of Sydney. The climate, however, is rather sultry, owing to the surrounding mountains.

São Paulo is the second city in importance, though not in population. It is a very progressive, modern city, with an excellent mild climate. It has a population of about 300,000, and though very near the coast it is over 2,000 feet above sea-level.

Bahia is an ancient, conservative city of about 400,000; while Pernambuco, the fanatical northern Capital, has a population of 180,000. Among the principal smaller cities are Pará, Porto Alegre, Maceió and Campinas, with others too numerous to mention. Great sanitary improvements have been made of late years in all the big cities where now every modern convenience may be found. Electric tramcars and lighting are quite common. The streets are well laid out and paved, and lined with eucalyptus or mangoe trees, with beautiful gardens and parks here and there. There are many solidly-built public buildings, large and up-to-date hotels, and palatial private residences. The general condition of the people in these cities differs very little from what is found in most of the Continental cities of Southern Europe.

On any great national holiday or celebration, the streets are thronged with men and women, who are dressed in the latest Paris and London fashions, with a leaning towards inordinate display.



## BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS.

The civilized and cultivated districts of Brazil are chiefly maritime, while at no great distance from the coast, at many points, the country is largely in a state of nature, and completely so, through an immense extent of the remote interior, where the aboriginal Indians dwell, monarchs of all they survey.

The principal industries of the country are the cultivation of coffee, cocoa, sugar, bananas, and maté; also the extraction of rubber, the cattle-breeding of the Southern States, and the cotton fields and factories.

Its mineral resources include gold, diamonds, silver and manganese, of which there are several important English mines, and there are vast quantities of unworked iron ore of the finest quality.

The religion of the country is nominally Roman Catholic, though, probably, the majority of those so classified are actually freethinkers, positivists or spiritualists. The Church of Rome was disestablished in 1891. Religious equality is now guaranteed and protected by the State, and freedom of press, platform and open-air propaganda are common rights, freely exercised.

Education is carried on by the State, and clerical influence of any kind is no longer permitted in the schools or colleges. There are 160,000 Protestants in Brazil, but the large majority of these are German Colonists in the extreme South of the Republic.

On every hand there are clear evidences that the Church of Rome is losing its hold and influence upon the masses, who in these days of education and progress, are of a more enquiring turn of mind. They often revolt indignantly from the superstition, idolatry and priestcraft that their fathers were compelled to endure. On the part of all that is noblest and best of the Brazilian nation, there is a turning away from the husks of formalism and clericalism, and a craving after a higher and better hope, with a desire for more sincerity and reality than was found under the iron bondage of the Jesuit rule of 400 years, with its too frequent lapses into gross immorality and degradation.

In character, the true Brazilians are frank, generous and most hospitable, and though they possess the keen, nervous, excitable disposition of the Latin race, this defect, under certain conditions, makes them capable of great and brilliant ideas, enterprises and developments, contrasting hopefully with the general lack of ambition or initiative, so common in tropical countries.

On the other hand their fondness for exciting amusements in the way of music-halls of a low type, theatres, horse-racing, lotteries and other terrible forms of gambling, tends to undermine the character, and there is a great deal of open dishonesty and immorality from highest to lowest. Gambling is the great national vice, and it is practically fostered by the State. Leprosy is terribly prevalent everywhere.

Slight of stature, and rather yellow of complexion, the men generally possess excellent features, and are often very refined, highly-educated and talented gentlemen: an honour to any nation. The women, of whom one sees little, are very reserved and secluded, being bound by tradition and etiquette. They are rather given to exaggeration in dress, with a partiality for scent and rice powder, and are seen to more advantage in the country districts. Socially the condition of the majority of women is little better than it was 100 years ago. They do not receive much consideration or respect, and are much to be pitied.

They generally marry very young—twelve and thirteen being not an unusual age—and before they are twenty-five, many are old and infirm women, quite incapable of properly bringing up a family, and infant mortality is consequently very high.

The food generally consists of meat prepared in different styles, and very highly seasoned, a few vegetables, chiefly sweet potatoes, mandioca root, and a kind of pumpkin, besides the inevitable farinha, black beans and rice. The last two named are always cooked with pork fat, and form the staple article of diet, especially in the interior, where the people eat little else all the year round. Puddings and pies, of course, are things about

## BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS.

which Brazilians are in absolute ignorance, and, except in a few high-class hotels, are never seen.

The cost of living in the coast cities is more than at home, chiefly owing to the higher rents exacted, but in the interior, though conveniences are fewer—if not altogether non-existent, and the conditions much more primitive—the expense is much



BRAZILIAN SHEEP CART (USED IN THE INTERIOR).

less. In the latter case one must often be contented with a thatched hut and mud floors, and a simple diet of beans and rice, perhaps without bread or meat.

Clothing in these parts is not highly conventional. Collars and cuffs are rarely seen; a broad straw hat and a cheap cotton print attire are all you require to be respectable.

If you desire to travel on horseback, five or six shillings a day will comfortably cover all the reasonable expenses of yourself, trooper (salary included), and the keep of three animals—one being for your tent, food, blankets and personal belongings.

In the far interior—especially in the South—the people are respectful, law-abiding, very simple-minded and hospitable; though, of course, here and there one meets with exceptions as in any other land.

When travelling in these remote districts, it is not usually difficult to obtain the free use of the Town Hall—such as it is—for Gospel meetings. Nor is there much trouble in getting the people together for these meetings, no special attraction being necessary, unless it is to be able to sing a few hymns fairly well, the Brazilians being passionately fond of music.

Failing to arrange a hall or covered place for your gathering, open-air preaching can be carried on to great advantage and blessing, and one can generally count on a quiet, attentive crowd of men and women, who are easily attracted by the singing of a Gospel hymn. With regard to the expenses of a long journey, if an additional animal can be afforded, a good supply of Scriptures can be carried, which will often be gladly received in exchange for some part of the traveller's necessary supplies; and with the aid of a small camera outfit he can do something by photography to meet the remaining expenses of the journey.

In these few lines, I have endeavoured to convey a general idea of Brazil and the Brazilians, and it now remains to state what is actually being done to evangelize this great and interesting nation.

Of all the different denominational missionary societies of Great Britain, not one sends a single missionary to the Brazilians. There are only two small interdenominational Societies, who, between them, are carrying on the warfare, and doing good work in the country. The first and pioneer Gospel Mission to Brazil was founded by a Scotch doctor of medicine, the late Dr. Kalley,

## BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS.

of Edinburgh, and is well known as the "Help for Brazil Mission." They commenced work in Brazil nearly 50 years ago, and now have several stations and many out-stations in the States of Pernambuco and Rio de Janeiro. They have a fine large church building in the Capital of the Republic.

The Society, with which the writer of these lines is connected, is known as the "South American Evangelical Mission," of Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, with some thirteen mission stations in Brazil and the Argentine, their field-quarters being in São Paulo. They have at present twelve missionaries, including women, and six native workers. It is a "faith mission" on sound lines, and their special aim is to be able, eventually, to reach the far-away Indian tribes.

These, in addition to a Sailors' Mission in Santos, the noble and efficient work of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the independent efforts of a few individual workers, are practically all that Great Britain is doing for this great and needy country of Brazil. The English chaplains, sent out to the English communities, carry on no work among the natives themselves. In this matter the United States have set us a good example, the American Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and other Churches having established many mission stations in different parts of Brazil, especially in the South. Our own neglect of the claims of Brazil is the more strange, when considered along with the unparalleled opportunities and openings the country now affords for active Gospel work of every kind, when one remembers the fact that Great Britain has more money invested, a far larger commerce, and more territorial possessions in South America than any other foreign country.

I have also always found that the Brazilian people have an extraordinary respect for, and confidence in, our countrymen, and an Englishman can count on receiving more consideration and attention than would be given to a person of any other nationality, or even to a Brazilian citizen himself.

It is evident that the Spirit of God is working there in a peculiar and remarkable way, and that *now* is God's day of grace for these millions. Surely, where the Spirit of God thus manifests His presence, we should be up and ready to co-operate in such a glorious and eternal enterprise, and to the cry of the Lord of the Harvest we should reply: "Here am I, send me."





## CHAPTER II.



### Preparation for a long Journey.

IN the early spring of 1902, while in charge of a small mission station in the coast city of Santos, I received a communication from the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Rev. Frank Uttley, asking me if I would undertake a journey, mainly on behalf of that Society, across the far interior States of Goyaz and Matto Grosso.

The invitation was accepted and preparations were pushed forward for this long and hazardous undertaking, which we estimated would occupy over six months, and would cover five or six thousand miles in all. Time was short, as the journey must necessarily be made between the months of April and September, to avoid the heavy rains, which, at a certain period of the year, make travel on horseback almost impossible.

There was plenty to do, such as, for example, a tent to be made, and many purchases of food, cooking utensils, saddlery, special clothing, etc., besides a hundred and one little things essential for such a life.

Then we searched around for maps of the country we expected to travel through, but searched in vain. In Brazil maps are a very scarce and unmarketable commodity, and the Governments in the past have been so shortsighted that they have rather hindered than aided any enterprise in this direction.

I visited the old Geographical Institute in Rio, shadow of the days of the old emperor, Dom Pedro, and now in a very neglected condition. After wading through piles of musty and dusty old volumes and documents, I found nothing of any service, and

almost despaired of doing so, until I saw and purchased in São Paulo, a small German publication of a fairly reliable character.

With the help of this we were enabled to steer our way right across Brazil, reaching the Bolivian frontier, three thousand miles by rail, horseback and river, from Rio de Janeiro.

My arrangements and plans completed, I left Rio, and, after a railway journey of four days, through the States of Rio, São Paulo, and Minas Geraes, I reached the inland city of Araguary in the latter State, it being the farthest interior point served by any railway in Brazil.



ARAGUARY.

Here I found awaiting me, my two travelling companions, who were my brother George—lately arrived from New Zealand, and who was accompanying me at his own expense—and a young Brazilian worker named Frances Diniz.

They had arrived about a week before, and had been busily engaged, in the meantime, canvassing the town with books, examining animals, and trying to see through the sweet, guileless ways and words of the many "Senhores" with horses for sale!



## PREPARATION FOR A LONG JOURNEY.

I had undertaken five such journeys before, but my two companions had no experience of horseback travel, and seemed slightly apprehensive of the prospect. However, they very soon accustomed themselves to the life, and we hardly had a day's sickness throughout the journey, and we carried no medicine chest.

It took nearly a week to get things together, purchase a reliable troop of animals, and, more important still, to find a good, steady "camarada" (trooper), who knew his business, which I think we did in the person of João Baptista, at £3 10s. a month, which is considered very good pay.

By the 9th April we were ready, and opened our active campaign by holding an open-air meeting that evening in the chief square of Araguay. Quite a few gathered together at a short distance, in a half suspicious manner, and heads were popped out of the surrounding windows in astonished surprise at our singing there in the open air: a thing quite unheard of in all the annals of the town.

When a sufficient crowd had been attracted, we stopped our hymns, and I did my best to make myself heard at a long range, and the attention was all that could be desired.

Early on the 10th our trooper had rounded up the animals, and had them all properly harnessed, with our heavy loads fairly distributed and balanced between the three pack mules, making, with our saddle horses, a troop of seven animals, which number was afterwards increased to eight.

The total cost of this troop, harness and everything, was less than £100, and, at the end of the journey, we were able to dispose of it for a little more than the original price, though as a general rule you cannot depend on getting much more than one-half, according to the condition of your animals.

Finally, we bid farewell to our hospitable host, Snr. Luiz Gonzaga, the local chief of the police, and a Presbyterian, and heading our horses in a northerly direction, Araguay was soon



THE START.

lost to view in a cloud of dust, and our long journey had begun.

What lay before us? Would the pessimistic views of some of our friends be realised? How would it all end, and when? All was shrouded in mystery, and yet we all felt deeply impressed that we were safer in God's hands in the heart of South America, than to walk without Him in the streets at home. At this time I wrote to the Society's Agent: "Everything is ready for our start, and all seems in good order. Oh, that God will bless us, give us humble, obedient hearts, and a living and active faith in His power and willingness to bless and keep us. Oh, that we may taste of His fulness, and see His glory in the salvation of lost sinners. Good-bye! Pray for us!"



## CHAPTER III.



### On the Road.

(Being Extracts from my Diary.)

FRIDAY, April 18th. Off **THE** in good order before **START.** 9 o'clock. All in fine spirits in spite of our misfortune in having to shoot one of our best horses this morning. He broke his back through an awkward fall, while tied up for shoeing. Our trooper's fault.

Of course, we had the usual mishaps of the first few days, shifting loads, frightened animals, with an occasional stampede, but nothing serious. Our first pouso (camp) was an airy one, in a kind of barn, open to the world on three sides, but we slept soundly on our ox hides, for our first day's work had been very tiring, especially the risky and precipitous descent from the Minas tableland.

April 19th.—Were away nice and early, riding through low undergrowth, and over a slightly undulating country. A mule kicked his load off, and gave me a scare, and a heavy strain in re-loading. Reached the banks of the great Paranyba, dividing the two states of Minas and Goyaz. Here we were cordially invited by an Englishman, Dr. Mellor, to spend Sunday at his encampment.

He is about the only Englishman in this part of the world, and with our countrymen's enterprise he is building a suspension bridge of cables and timber across the river. We enjoyed our stay here, with its rest and bathing, and our camarada was glad of the chance to make some necessary alterations and re-adjustments in the cargo harness.

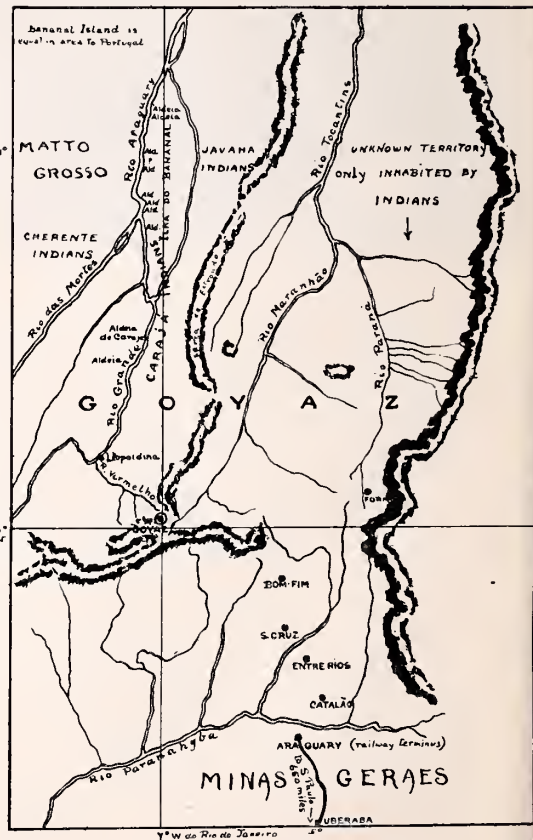
One could not be too careful or particular in this, as otherwise in a few days one's animals would become so sore as to hinder and perhaps delay progress altogether, until the wounds healed up, or the animals were exchanged for others.

**FIRST MEETING.**

Sunday night we held a little informal meeting outside the eight or ten log huts which comprise Mellor's village. We sang some hymns and I read and gave a short exposition of John iii. to a group of masons and carpenters employed on the bridge, who listened appreciatively.

Monday, April 21st.—Away in good time, and crossed the river in two journeys, on a raft supported on two big dug-out canoes, and thus set foot for the first time on Goyaz soil, immediately selling a New Testament. After paying the interstate toll and tax of 12s., we pushed on another twelve miles and passed the night in the

**GOYAZ STATE.**



## ON THE ROAD.

rough corn shed of an old farm called Samambia. Insects and pigs were plentiful.

April 22nd.—Off about 8 o'clock; good roads; animals are behaving well and getting settled down to work. Lovely and very extensive views of the surrounding country, undulating, of mixed forest and camps, well watered, with no big hills or mountain ranges. The climate is delightful. Diniz shot a pigeon, but only found feathers; most mysterious!

We had a beautiful pouso at Campo Limpo ("clean camp") in spite of the pigs, who always have an inconvenient habit of chewing the saddle straps, walking off with the dinner in the coolest way possible, or strolling over one's legs at night!

Held a cottage meeting in the farmhouse, about eight men and women listening to our hymns, reading and exposition. A Testament was purchased.

April 23rd.—Left in good order. An uneventful day, no books sold on the road; houses only about every four miles.

Sighted the town of Catalão in the distance, and were very interested in our first glimpse of this ancient and decadent place. Pitched our camp on outskirts of the city, and as soon as our animals were seen to, and our inner wants supplied with a hearty meal of black beans and farinha, we took the bearings of the land, and Diniz and I sallied forth. After visiting from house to house and talking with the people, we succeeded in selling two Bibles and eleven Testaments in two and a half hours, and felt very encouraged.

CITY OF  
CATALÃO.

April 24th.—Started early with books, canvassing systematically house by house, street by street. Found the people most friendly, and met with no opposition. Even the sacristan, after some of his scruples were dispelled, expressed his determination to buy a Bible from us. Our total sales were nine Bibles, twenty-three Testaments and fourteen Gospels.

That night, after we had turned in, a terrific thunder storm swept our rancho through and through. The fire went out and

A DISMAL  
NIGHT.

we were all in confusion. What with the wet and cold, the blinding smoke from the camp fire, and the flickering candle, the scene was very dismal. However, nobody lost heart, and we made the best of circumstances. Happily our blankets were kept dry, and the owner of an adjoining house lent us a room furnished with a hide bed. George slept on a pile of rice, Diniz and the camarada on the floor, and I on the bare, hard bed. Passed a bad night,—headache and insects.



THE SQUARE.

OPEN-AIR  
MEETINGS.

April 25th.—Completing our canvass of Catalão, George and I held an open-air meeting in a poor part of the town, standing in the centre of a rugged street. The people listened, astonished, and eventually came out of their houses close to us. One man was particularly impressed, and continually nodded assent to my words. Afterwards we entered a little cottage close by and held an informal meeting there too. We also sold some twenty Gospels among these people.

## ON THE ROAD.

At 5-30 we held another open-air meeting in the principal square, a group of some thirty odd people gathering round, mostly serious-looking men, who preferred to stand behind us. I spoke loudly, so that the heads from the surrounding windows might get hit. Then I announced another meeting to follow in the Largo da Matriz, and some followed us there, including two or three of the chief men of the place.

It was rapidly getting dark, and I could not see to read, but God gave me good utterance, plenty of the Word of Life, and as darkness fell on us, and I could no longer see my hearers I continued to speak and felt that God was touching some hearts as I begged them to surrender to God to-day, and showed the way of Salvation to be Repentance and Faith, to let go sin, exercising a living faith in Christ alone.

LIGHT  
IN THE  
DARKNESS.

George and Diniz followed up with good testimonics. At the close of this meeting we were pressed to remain in the city, one man placing a house at our disposal, and others offering to help, but for several good reasons I decided to proceed, although at the same time I felt a deep regret that we should have to turn away from such a promising open door. God bless Catalão!

It is a quaint straggling town of about two thousand inhabitants. Food is remarkably cheap, but money equally scarce. Eggs are threepence a dozen, maize four pints a penny, fowls sixpence each, rice a halfpenny per pint, and beans are even cheaper still. But nobody seemed satisfied: "Não ha dinheiro," they cry: "There is no money!"

CHEAP  
FOOD.

April 26th.—Up in good time and soon ready to start. Just before we got away, a man called on us, and expressed great disappointment at our leaving, saying that many were desirous that we should remain, as many wanted to hear us. He bought a New Testament.

After about two hours ride on a lovely road, through a fine picturesque country, we reached our next pouso, the old-fashioned, well-established fazenda of Joaquim Cequeira, where we spent

CARRAPATOS.

our Sunday. George lost his way to-day and only found us at nightfall, but that's an item. The weather is lovely, cool and breezy. The bathing was good, and, carrapatos excepted, we had an enjoyable rest. What are carrapatos? The most aggravating pest the traveller in central South America has to face, and it is necessary to be most carefully on one's guard against their insidious attacks. The carrapato is a kind of minute tick, and they are found in bunches of some hundreds, suspended from the tips of leaves and twigs, awaiting the approach of some unwary traveller. On passing beneath, or brushing by such place, the little bunch of vermin, about the size of a pea, lets go, and fastens on its unconscious victim. Then they swarm over the clothing until they find some vulnerable part of the body, and then one becomes painfully aware of their existence, for they attach themselves so firmly, that if not detected and pulled off immediately, it becomes a matter of great difficulty to remove them at all without leaving most of its head still buried in the flesh. To most people the carrapato bite is more poisonous than that of any kind of mosquito or fly.

AN  
INFORMAL  
MEETING

On Sunday evening we had a quiet little meeting in the Sugar Mill, by the light of one tallow candle and our camp fire, and the farm hands listened with deep interest.

BEAUTIFUL  
COUNTRY.

Monday, April 28th.—Started in capital time, and a great deal depends upon an early start. The roads were good, and the day fine and cool, and our direction due North. The country was lovely, and at times one could almost imagine oneself in the South of England, though a botanist would soon have corrected this impression; but the appearance of the surrounding country and distant scenery reminded one strongly of the South Downs.

We passed through some excellent pasture land (of course, all open), and noticed a wonderful variety of wild flowers and flowering trees. Twenty miles were covered in good time, but the animals were rather the worse for it, and blistered.

We crossed the river Verissimo, on a rickety old bridge, which



## ON THE ROAD.

was leaning over on one side about twenty degrees. As we passed over its sloping, creaking timbers, the structure shook ominously.

A RISKY  
BRIDGE.

Put up at the house of a Portuguese named Pinto, who let us sleep in the eorn shed. We are saving our tent up until its use will be absolutely necessary, as you can make a fairly comfortable bed on eorn eobs, with a saddle for a pillow.

April 29th.—Up early, but found that the little mule had strayed during the night, and having news of her ten miles off I sent Diniz and Baptista in pursuit.

A MULE  
ASTRAY.



While I was swimming, George did a little fishing, and had the pleasure of tumbling head over heels into the deep, swift river, clothes, rod and all. Startling—for the fish! But he caught a big one a few minutes after.

April 30th.—Had a swell breakfast on George's catch. The two brethren returned this afternoon, having found the truant mule twenty miles off. This evening we held a small meeting in Pinto's house.

May 1st.—Made an excellent start; travelled twelve miles over a hard road, the sun being very hot. Road improved later, but we were glad to strike the rough farm of João Jonas, where we were very well received, and regaled ourselves in the magnificent orange groves, with about six varieties of oranges to select from.

**TRAVEL  
SORES.**

I find I am beginning to suffer with the usual leg sores, which attack the average traveller after the first week or two. They develop chiefly in the feet and legs below the knee, and generally begin on mosquito or carapato bites. At first they are merely superficial, but after a few days they eat into the flesh, and are very painful and difficult to heal, and riding becomes difficult, if not impossible. Raw sugar and coffee should be avoided.

**CAMP FIRE  
MEETING.**

That evening we had a camp-fire meeting, the man, his wife and children and a few labourers sitting around on logs. We sang them some half dozen hymns by the fire-light.

Afterwards I read the story of the woman who wept her repentance at Jesu's feet, and pointed the truth it taught—Repentance and Faith, God's mercy includes the most vile. The attention was breathless. Quite a number of Scriptures were sold here.

May 2nd.—Up early, but finally had to lie over another day, as the little mule had managed to hide away in the undergrowth, and though she was only a few hundred yards from the house, it was 4-30 before we found her. One needs heaps of patience for this kind of life. We noticed numbers of emus in this part of the country. Held another meeting in the evening. Diniz spoke for the first time.

I find the camarada, Baptista, is a terror on coffee, and believe he would drink it fifty times a day if he had the chance. It makes his hand so unsteady that he missed a fine shot at an enormous emu this afternoon.

May 3rd.—Found animals early, and ten miles over a hard, dry road brought us to the city of Entre Rios, where we created

## ON THE ROAD.

quite a stir among its inhabitants, as we rode through to the public rancho on the far side of the place.

Found a very kind-hearted old Englishman named Smith, who, with his wife, had spent thirty or forty years in Brazil. He is about the only Englishman in the State of Goyaz. His wife is the village schoolmistress and much respected.

**AN OLD  
ENGLISH-  
MAN.**

We called on them, and they sang us some Moody and Sankey's hymns, and seemed glad to see us.



R.C. CHAPEL, ENTRE RIOS.

On Sunday we had a quiet, restful day. Late in the afternoon I walked round the city and told the towers thereof. A little poverty-stricken place of about fifteen hundred souls, mostly very poor folk. And yet there are two Phillipine priests here, who appear to thrive wonderfully. They always seemed to be looking out of their windows when we were in sight, and were evidently suspicious. However, we make it a rule never to talk about our

**PHILLI-  
PINE  
PRIESTS.**

business and intentions until we are ready to begin our work. If this care were not exercised, the priests would be able to so prejudice the minds of the people against us by their misrepresentations that our efforts would be seriously handicapped. That night we held a small meeting among some troopers around their own fire. They listened quietly to our hymns, reading, and my explanation of the parable of the prodigal son, assenting to all I said, and afterwards purchasing a New Testament and some Gospels.

CANVAS-  
SING  
ENTRE  
RIOS.

Monday, May 5th.—Started in early with the books, made a house to house canvass with Diniz, and were, on the whole, well received, in spite of a late pastoral of the Bishop condemning the Bible and excommunicating its readers. We sold thirty Bibles and Testaments. I called on one of the priests, and he very cautiously avoided any discussion. I also had a long, straight, personal talk with a local professor, who sarcastically asked if we had some novels for sale. He soon grew serious, however, and finally had not a word to say.

The people were rather suspicious, but a little explanation and plain talk generally cleared things up.

The canvass concluded, we held two open-air meetings in the two squares of the city. Attention was good, and some were visibly impressed.

May 6th.—Off again, with a much lightened load. Sold a Gospel for two sugar canes. A short journey of ten miles brought us to the farm of Senhor João.

A FEVER.

In the evening I was taken ill with a high fever. It seemed as though the devil was wild and wanted to stop our having a service there, so called for the prayers of the brethren, and, wrapping a blanket around me, started a meeting in John's house. The Spirit of God was present in a very special way, and I felt that the Word was going home. Shortly after the meeting the fever left me, and next day, after a good night, I was in fine health.

May 7th.—After considerable delay owing to the straying of

## ON THE ROAD.

our animals, we left about mid-day, and made a short, uneventful journey, and slept that night in a very rough and dirty corn-shed.

May 8th.—Left early, and after twelve miles of open, rolling country, almost uninhabited, we reached Port Corumbá, on the banks of the fine river of that name, and were soon ferried over, on a raft, at sixpence per head. We spent the night at the Port, and had a splendid meeting there of some twenty-five persons, who were very interested and pleased to meet us.

A GOOD  
MEETING.



Passed a bad, cold night in an empty ox cart, and George and I got tipped out about 1 a.m.

May 9th.—Had the satisfaction of getting away by 7.30, but soon lost our way and got badly mixed up; but it all turned out for the best, as I sold, on the road, a Testament for five litres of corn, another one for a cheese, and a third for cash, which I should probably not have done on the high road.



GENERAL VIEW OF SANTA CRUZ.

**ON THE  
WRONG  
ROAD.**

While I was visiting these houses, the troop went on ahead and got on a wrong path, and I, pursuing after them as fast as my books, corn and cheese would permit, got on another wrong track too. So leaving my corn and cheese by the wayside, I galloped — Gilpin-like—after the lost troop in a new direction, and wasted twenty miles in the effort. Meanwhile the troop, distrusting the direction, sent back George to reconnoitre, and finding my bag of corn, &c., he sat down and waited for me. When I returned from my wild goose chase, we consoled ourselves by consuming the cheese! Then we resumed our journey, and after three hours' riding we came up with the troop again. They had stopped for tea, or what Baptista, the camarada, called tea, made from some leaves he found. Ugh!!

It was reviving, however, and any excuse was good enough for a rest. Then we saddled up, and another six miles brought us to the farmhouse of a Senhor Joaquim Nunes, and, by a text which was tacked on one of his doors, I found him to be a believer. He

## ON THE ROAD.

said he was converted by reading the Bible. He treated us with great kindness, made us luxurious beds, and would make no charge for anything, so it was well worth while to have lost our way. In the evening we held a very impressive meeting in his house.

**CONVERTED  
THROUGH  
THE BIBLE.**

May 10th.—Four miles' ride in the early morning took us to the third city since Araguay, that of Santa Cruz. On the road Diniz sold a Gospel for eight eggs. We camped at a very poor, open rancho, with a palm-leaf roof. The owner had a fine garden, well stocked, and treated us well. He seemed friendly towards the Gospel, but was very superstitious, and full of stupid, blasphemous stories of the Saints, &c.

The people here are very disgusted with their religion, especially as after building their Church, and purchasing fittings, robes, &c., they have to hire it for money on all festive occasions. They are without a priest now, and do not seem very anxious to have one. We canvassed the town; sales were small, but we had a good

**A  
PROMISING  
OPEN  
DOOR.**



PRINCIPAL STREET, SANTA CRUZ.

open-air meeting in the evening, attended by the owner of our rancho and all his family and relatives—about twenty odd people—and at the close a man present offered us the use of his house in the best part of the city in which to pass our Sunday in a quieter, more agreeable, and less public manner than in the open rancho. I accepted his offer, and we moved our goods into the better quarters God had provided, situated in the main square of Santa Cruz, glad of an opportunity to scrape ourselves of superfluous carrapatos, and straighten up things generally.

There was a kind of kitchen attached to the house, of which George took full advantage, to good effect.

**OUR  
PARTY.**

Our mode of living and travelling is as follows:—

Chief cook and bottle-washer - - - George Glass.

Chief groom - - - Antonio Baptista, the troopeiro.

Assistant groom and bottle-washer - Francisco Diniz,

General overseer and packer - - - - Fredk. Glass.

George's cooking is beyond praise, and Diniz is a fine helpèr all round. Wish I could do more, but I get so fagged out, owing to these leg sores, that I am often fit for nothing but to lie down.

**METHOD OF  
TRAVEL.**

We rise with daybreak, and after coffee, which George prepares in as many seconds as it takes me to write this, Baptista is sent off to hunt up the animals, which is sometimes no easy task. As soon as the animals are in, rubbed down, and feeding, we swallow our own breakfast hastily, load up, saddle and away by about 8 o'clock.

Our animals cover twelve, sixteen, twenty-two or twenty-five miles a day, according to circumstances. We travel slowly owing to our heavy loads, and always pull up well before dark at some farmhouse or rancho. Then clean and feed animals, have dinner, and prepare a place for the night, after which—when possible—we hold a meeting in our rancho, or the farmer's house, attracting an audience by our singing in the former case, while in the latter the farmer himself does the inviting.





OUR COOK.

Spent a nice quiet Sunday morning with several visitors, one being the chief man of the place, a white-bearded old man, who insisted on styling me "your most Reverend."

Santa Cruz used to be the capital of Goyaz, and was once famous for its rich gold deposits, but now it is a very broken-down, quiet little town of about eight hundred inhabitants.

SANTA  
CRUZ.

In the afternoon I arranged the front room with our boxes and two benches and stools belonging to the house. We rigged up the table with saddle cloths, hired two candlesticks, and announced that we were going to hold a meeting

that evening. Very soon people began to drop in, and we were requested to begin early, as some were anxious to attend before returning to their distant farms.

The room was soon filled with men and women and white-headed veterans. Somebody sent out for more seats, but still they came. The passage was filled, a big crowd stood outside, while one man pushed his family into a little dark room, next to the one in use, where they could hear our voices over the top of the wall. Our singing went well. I had no special message, but spoke for about an hour on the grand old Gospel theme, to a most quiet and attentive audience. Some Scriptures were sold afterwards.

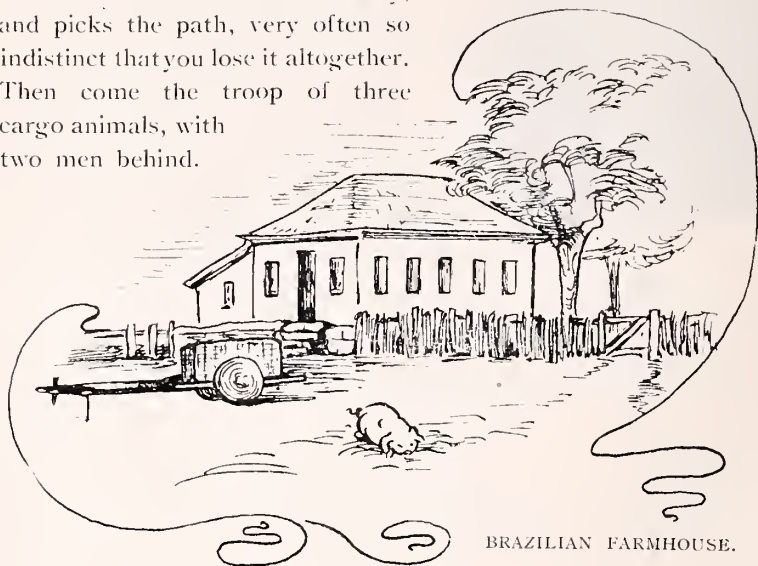
A REMARK  
ABLE  
MEETING.

Monday, May 12th.—After bidding farewell to our good friends in Santa Cruz we travelled some sixteen miles uneventfully, except that Antonio killed a rattlesnake right in the centre of the road. Our next camp was very poor owing to the number of pigs, flies and other insects! We turned in early but had little rest.

May 13th.—Left by 8 o'clock, and soon lost our way, as usual, and then Diniz had to go back for the hatchet we had left behind, and only caught us up again next day.

Milk and eggs are plentiful and cheap, and generally raw sugar, cheese, and fowls are obtainable at a very low rate.

Our order of travel now is:—One takes the books in a saddle-bag, and going ahead, visits any houses, also selling to people on the road. Another leads the way, and picks the path, very often so indistinct that you lose it altogether. Then come the troop of three cargo animals, with two men behind.



BRAZILIAN FARMHOUSE.

THE  
NATIVES  
OF GOYAZ.

The people we are meeting with are very kindhearted and simple, but not very industrious, though the ground is so wonderfully prolific that very little labour is necessary to ensure a good living. There are no signs of progress among the people, intellectual or scientific, and things are just about where they were a hundred years ago. As one result of this journey, there are many homes now where the only book they possess is the Bible.

May 14th.—Left early. Our animals are going well now, and stoppages or breakdowns are rare. In six miles we struck the

## ON THE ROAD.

picturesque little village of Campo Formozo (Beautiful Camp), a place of about fifty houses, many of them empty. We put up at an open public rancho, and soon had the usual inquisitives, who come and perch like crows around the place, all eyes and ears, but dumb as posts. After about half an hour, feeling themselves entitled to our confidence, they start in with little sly questions, and wont be put off lightly. They want to know all about you. Where from? Where going? What business? What's your name? Married or single? Where born? and so on. An intolerable but general nuisance that must be patiently borne. The hardest part is when one opens the boxes. They want to pry into everything, and when we cook they make us nervous by silent eritieism of our methods. But above all, when one has to change one's clothes or attempt to remove a few earrapatos, there they sit motionless for hours, like Job's friends. However, we swallowed our feelings, and George's good breakfast, too, and then we eanvassed the village, only selling two Testaments and a Gospel. Afterwards we three went up to the square, opposite the Roman Chureh, and held an open-air meeting. I spoke loud enough for all the village to hear, and the eeho effects were very odd.

**THE USUAL  
INQUISI-  
TIVES.**

Later on we held a meeting in the house of another man who speecially invited us, and the same evening we had a splendid meeting in the house of a Senhor Augusto. Quite thirty people were present, crammed into one small room and the back kitchen. I preached on the repentant thief, and as I reasoned on righteousness and judgment to come, many seemed moved and under deep conviction. At the elose of the meeting, Senhor Augusto loaded us with gifts—chickens, eggs, and sweetstuff—and next day, before leaving, brought us a quantity of milk.

**GOOD  
MEETING.**

May 15th.—Left Campo Formozo in good time. The whole place, praectically, has heard the Gospel. Fourteen miles were covered through rather monotonous country, only remarkable for its comparatively excellent roads. Wish we had some good tracts,

**A  
GRATEFUL  
BRAZILIAN.**

a very great need, and in a country like this of incalculable value.

**NATIVE  
CLOTH.**

We notice that most of the cloth used here is home spun, and hand looms of a crude form are common.

Rock salt, the only kind known here, is getting dear—8d. per pound. Fresh meat, when obtainable, is sold at 2d. per pound, which is dear, considering that a whole ox can be purchased for sixteen shillings.

**WONDER-  
FUL TEA!**

Our trooper's teas are fearful and wonderful, made of all kinds of leaves, bark of trees, and powdered wood, infused in the ordinary way, and sweetened with a piece of raw sugar or sugar cane juice.

He tells me that he was convinced of the truth by hearing somebody read the Bible, and became so anxious to study for himself that he set to work and taught himself to read, in order to have the privilege of reading the Word of God.

**WANTED—  
PREACH-  
ERS.**

Though I have met many people in Brazil who have told me this, yet I have very rarely met any who came out into the clear light without the help of an evangelist or through the testimony of another convert.

How great, then, is the need for workers in South America, where the Bible is having such a wide circulation, and arousing so much interest, but where there is only one preacher of the Gospel to every 200,000 souls!

I hope to reach Goyaz City before the middle of June; we shall see!

May 16th.—Left early and travelled fifteen miles. Called at the farmhouse of Senhor Lobo. The old man and his son showed great interest in the Gospel, the former listening intently while Antonio read the first two chapters of Luke. Should have stayed here, but the pasture was too bad, so we pushed on another mile to better quarters.

May 17th.—Got away early, and travelled through some lovely undulating country, with very extensive and magnificent scenery,

## ON THE ROAD.

and a delicious, cool climate. About mid-day we sighted Bom Fim, nestled away among the hills far ahead. An hour more and we reached our rancho, a huge, rambling, barn-like structure, noted for its fleas and vampires.

CITY OF  
BOM FIM.

As soon as our animals were quartered, took a look around the city, which I found to be very quaint, interesting and picturesque. There are three churches, with one fanatical priest, who keeps the religious fire alive with plenty of feasts, processions, fireworks and music.

The city, which is an ancient one, is one of the largest in Goyaz, and has about three or four thousand inhabitants. Many of the old-fashioned houses have mica window-panes, one hundred and forty panes to each window, with pretty, well-walled gardens, planted with an abundance of fruit trees, oranges, bananas, limes and mangoes predominating. There are also many more modern-looking buildings, a credit to any place, with real glass panes, an evident token of wealth and prosperity.

I notice many unmistakable signs of ancient gold workings all round the city, which remind me of my old days on the gold mines in Minas.

ANCIENT  
GOLD  
WORKINGS.

During the night Diniz was very nervous about the vampires, which made some noise but did no harm, in spite of their evil, blood-curdling reputation. I have been assured that it is not uncommon for them to suck the blood of some unwary, uncovered sleeper, but as a rule, these and kindred stories of snakes and other reptiles are very much exaggerated.

VAMPIRES.

Spent a quiet, uneventful Sunday, but passed a bad night. What with my leg sores, which are most painful, the fleas, and a touch of dysentery, I arose in a miserable state, and very ill-prepared to face a city with such a reputation as Bom Fim.

For several weeks previous to our arrival, we have heard it described as a kind of stronghold of Rome in these parts, and very fanatical and intolerant. We shall see.



## CHAPTER IV.



### Bom Fim to Goyaz.

GOOD  
RECEPTION  
IN BOM FIM.

MONDAY, May 19th. At last the day has come, and I confess to feeling little heart to face such a place as Bom Fim, as we expect to encounter much opposition, and even persecution.

AN ENEMY  
OF THE  
BIBLE

Diniz went out first with a bag of books, and soon returned with smiles, having sold all the Testaments in a very short time. Much encouraged, Diniz, George and I sallied out together, and to our great surprise we found the people most simple and frank, so that it was a pleasure to visit and talk with them. I immediately sold seven Testaments without any difficulty, which was wonderful considering that the local priest is notorious in all the country round for his intolerance and bitter hatred of God's Word. He has collected and destroyed great numbers of Bibles, quite indifferent as to whether they were Roman or Protestant versions: it is all one to the priests in Brazil, who are themselves prohibited from reading the Scriptures except by special permission. Strange to say, many of our customers were people who had been coerced to hand over their Scriptures for the fire.

When I returned, I found that both my companions had done well, and in all we had sold forty-two Testaments that day, besides a few Gospels. Our Bibles were exhausted, but rather strangely nobody asked for one. We always prefer to sell Testaments on pioneer work.

Diniz, during his canvass, met the City Prefect, who was most

## BOM FIM TO GOYAZ.

friendly and encouraged the idea of meetings, placing the town school at our disposal. I accepted and fixed the hour at six. Before that time a deputation, composed of some of the best men in the town, waited on me at our ramshackle rancho, headed by the Prefect himself. They expressed great satisfaction at our visit, spoke very disparagingly of the local religion, and thought that the meetings would be of great service.

THE MAYOR  
OF BOM FIM  
FRIENDLY.

The dirty old rancho was all upside down, and the only seats I could offer them were our travelling boxes. They were all in their best, and I, in my dusty old coat, felt a trifle embarrassed at the honour. They finally bowed themselves out with many expressions of good will.

We held the meeting, but lack of announcement, lack of seats, and the deficient lighting of two doubtful tallow candles, hindered the success, only about fifteen or twenty turning up, including the Prefect; so I made the meeting short and sweet, but it was not, I believe, without some blessing, and I announced another meeting for the next night.

May 20th.—Were busy all the morning getting ready for a fresh start, while Diniz finished the canvass of the city. At 5 o'clock we held an open-air meeting in the public square in front of the chief church, and quite fifty people gathered in little groups, but at a respectable distance, so I had to speak loudly.

I believe the open-air meeting here, as in other places, made a deep impression on the minds of the people, *because of its being an open-air meeting.*

It happened to be the occasion of a Romish feast, and the priest had had a theatre erected opposite the church called: "Theatre of the Holy Ghost"! The night meeting in the school-room was splendid. Some fifty men attended, but no women or children. The Prefect was there again, and many evidently of the best class of the town, and this in spite of a big local ball, the theatre, and a special service held apparently as a counter-attraction.

AN EX-  
CELLENT  
MEETING.

After some hymns and a prayer, I read Paul's speech at Athens, and compared that city with Bom Fim in its ignorance of God and idolatry. I then showed the Scripture basis for the need and importance of reading the Scriptures, and showed that the true reason of the hatred the priests bear towards the Bible, is that the Bible is against them in the Romish doctrines of the Mediatorship, Worship of Images, and Salvation by Works. The attention and interest were unbroken, and I spoke for about an hour, finishing with a call to Repentance.

We all slept well that night, full of joy and gratitude in our hearts to Almighty God for what He had wrought through us.

May 21st.—Up early, and after some delay in finding the animals, we left by 9.30. I bid the Prefect, Senhor Joaquim da Liboa, good-bye. He will have a hard time with the priest explaining matters, but he is a man of character and courage. We made a short journey of ten miles, as one of our animals is limping. The rancho would hardly hold our boxes and saddles, let alone ourselves.

The day was delightful and cool, and the country traversed was much more hilly, even mountainous, rising to quite four thousand feet in places, and giving a series of splendid panoramic views of Goyaz. Evidently a great deal of dense forest lies ahead of us, and we must be near the Great Forest, over two hundred miles in length. We are still travelling in a northerly direction.

Had a meeting in the farmer's house, who showed great interest in the salvation of his soul.

A LAME  
MULE.

May 22nd.—On getting animals together, find the mule is lame owing to neglect of the trooper to shoe her as I had ordered. Gave Antonio a good straight talk, as, owing to his negligence, the animals are not in the condition in which they should be. It would be a serious matter if our animals were played out before the journey is finished.

Saddled up and rode back to Bom Fim to find shoes for the mule. Had breakfast with the Prefect, who was most friendly.



## BOM FIM TO GOYAZ.

and informed me that the whole city had been profoundly stirred up by our visit, many desiring us to remain, others wanting to buy more books.

I found another "festa" in full swing, called the "Feast of the Divine Eternal Father," and a drunken crowd were marching round with trumpets, drums and a sacred banner, collecting alms professedly on His behalf. A ROMAN FESTIVAL.



SUGAR MILL.

May 23rd.—Away by 7 o'clock. All the animals are going well. Delightful weather. Covered twenty-six miles, through lovely country, and over good roads. Sold two Testaments on the road, one being in exchange for raw sugar and dried meat.

Our rancho was at the old Sugar Mill of Senhor Leite, not bad at all, though a trifle sticky. George slept in a sugar trough and

did well. I felt the cold considerably; the nights from April to July are often quite cold.

We all awoke about midnight with a terrific din caused by what seemed like two ant-eaters fighting in the mill, but things quieted down soon after, though no more sleep for me.

May 24th.—Got away by 7 again; splendid! Saw a reputed two-headed blind snake to-day. Country here is very pretty, and tropical-looking, a few bright though scentless flowers adding to the pleasure of the scene. So far we have seen very few animals beyond the usual domestic cows, horses, pigs, and chickens. Snakes are fairly plentiful, but comparatively harmless, unless you actually tread on one without your boots on! Carrapatos are always in evidence.

Reached the large village of Antas. Very indifferent kind of people, sleepy and callous, yet this afternoon we disposed of no less than thirty-one Testaments and a few Gospels before dark. Sunday was a quiet day, as usual, and in the evening we had a good and encouraging street meeting in the centre of the place.

THE  
"GREAT  
FOREST."

Monday, May 26th.—After selling a few more books, we left in good form, soon entering a very fine forest, the densest so far, full of many beautiful flowering orchids. We covered twenty-four miles, but the last few miles were very weary ones, as from the position of the sun I judged we were far out of the way. However, we trudged along hopefully, without any vestige of human habitations or humanity other than the narrow beaten track we followed. We had resolved to camp at the first stream and rest for the night, when I noticed a little path turning directly off the main track. I stopped the troop, and turned down to reconnoitre, and was soon cheered by the sight of a beautiful little coffee fazenda, well and artistically planted, with a banana-tree fringe on the hillside. We were hospitably received by Senhor Benjamin Goulart, who allowed us to sleep in his front room. We held a meeting that night, and our host displayed great interest and an intelligent comprehension of the great Gospel truths. He

AN HOS-  
PITABLE  
HOST.

## BOM FIM TO GOYAZ.

prepared a swell bed for me, an agreeable change after the corn cobs or dry ox hides of the last month.

May 27th.—We were up early, and after breakfast, including a big bowl of milk from our kind host, we were soon immersed in the big forest again, and only saw one house and three persons in the thirty miles we covered. This brought us to the very picturesque, romantic-looking city of Pyrenopolis.

It was 2 o'clock and we were ready for dinner, and then made the unpleasant discovery that during the night at Senhor Benjamin's the dogs had got at our tin of fat and made a clean affair of it.

Pyrenopolis is a city of about three thousand inhabitants, surrounded by high hills, including a range of mountains known as the Pyreneus. It is threaded by a beautiful little river called the Rio das Almas (River of Souls), one of the head waters of the mighty Tocantins. The city is very clean and quaint, and all the houses seem newly whitewashed. I understand there is a fine of 5s. if the house is not kept up to line in this respect. The climate is good and food is very cheap.

**PYREN-  
OPOLIS.**

Strategically, it is one of the most important places in this part of Brazil. There is plenty of trade in cattle, horses, maize, rice and rubber, and excellent accommodation for the traveller in the Public Rancho, the best I have ever seen, quite an hotel in its way, containing several small rooms with floors, doors and windows. There are many old-fashioned houses and churches, and one continues to notice the many-paned mica windows.

After a look round the town, we called on one or two of its prominent citizens, and then turned in for the night.

May 28th.—We thoroughly canvassed Pyrenopolis to-day, and sold over thirty new Testaments, not as many as I had hoped, partly owing to the great efforts of the local priest.

At night we held an informal meeting in the house of the local music professor, who was very friendly, but afraid to come out for Christ and lose his trade and friends. One meets many like

him. To-day I met one or two Romanists, intolerant enemies of the Word, but soon quieted them down. Their position is always untenable and easily carried.

On the other hand, I met many who were openly favourable to the Gospel, and who spoke in unmeasured condemnation and contempt of the faith of their fathers. This, one experiences everywhere, for the general spirit of the people is one of extreme discontent, when it is not of actual abhorrence, of the doctrines and practices of Rome.

A NEW  
TROOPER.

May 29th.—Finishing canvass of city. After some little trouble I found a new trooper, and called Antonio to liquidate accounts, much to his surprise and disappointment. But I will not permit the journey to be jeopardized by the way he has behaved with our troop. So I was firm, and he had to go. It will be a lesson to him, I hope.

This business was most distasteful to me, and left me little heart for preaching. Determined, however, not to lose the opportunity, Diniz and I went to a public square, above the city centre, and had a most excellent open-air meeting, some sixty-odd people paying marked and fixed attention, and I felt God was using our words.

In the evening we held a cottage meeting, but this time not successfully. They liked our hymns, but did not seem to want God's message.

May 31st.—Left Pyrenopolis with our new trooper, and an additional horse, which I purchased there for £5. Killed a huge black and yellow snake, right in the centre of our path. Noticed a number of toucans in the forest, which is very dense in places, and tears our clothes. We put up at the farm of Senhor Lobo. A poor camp: no corn for our animals, plenty of carrapatos, and a cold, bad night.

June 1st.—To-day, after a journey of sixteen miles through the same forest, we reached Jaraguá, a little decadent city. Pasture was excellent and corn cheap—eighty litres for two shillings and

## BOM FIM TO GOYAZ.

sixpence. We had the first fresh meat we have tasted for six weeks—a very agreeable and beneficial change. It was sold at a penny three-farthings per pound. Canvassed the place, only selling nine Testaments and a few Gospels.

Passed Sunday in our hired house. Received a few casual visitors, as usual, and in the evening held a good meeting in the main street, attended by about seventy people, many showing serious interest, while others mocked, the first time that the latter has occurred. As in other places, after the meeting we distributed Gospels freely. The priest of this place has just been turned out by the people because he refused to countenance the "Festa do Divino" (Feast of the Divine) in its profane aspect. But he deserves no sympathy, as he was an open enemy of God's Word, and has destroyed many Bibles.

Monday, June 2nd.—Travelled sixteen miles through the forest, which we found very difficult of transit in places. It is necessary to be very careful to avoid being badly scratched, or from tearing your clothes, and one has to watch the path well or you soon get astray, but the delightful shade is much appreciated by man and beast. Put up for the night at the barn of one Pedro, a negro sugar planter.

DIFFICULTIES OF FOREST TRAVEL.

June 3rd.—Twenty miles more, and we began to see the fringe of the forest again. Reaching a nice open spot, we pitched our tent for the first time. Owing to two friendly trees with forked branches, the tent was easily rigged, and proved to be commodious and substantial, but open to improvements. Sold four Testaments on the road to-day.

June 4th.—A short ride of eight miles brought us to the Villa Currealinho, a rather pretty and progressive place, where, strange to say, the padre is respected. We put up at a very solid, substantial kind of rancho, but had to pay dearly for our corn, and sixpence a night for each animal in pasture. The usual charge for an enclosed pasture is only twopence or threepence.

As I was anxious to get to the Capital (Goyaz) ahead of our

A DIS-  
AGREEABLE  
RIDE.

troop, to arrange pasture and receive correspondence, I resolved to push on alone, leaving my companions to canvass the Villa and hold an open-air meeting before leaving. So away I went. It was already late in the afternoon, and as there is no twilight in these parts, darkness soon shut me in, and there was no moon. The road was very rough, hilly, and dangerous in that light, and I had hard work to urge the horse along. Finally we entered a dense, gloomy forest, and I had to dismount to pull my steed along, stumbling and tripping up every few yards, and for all I knew many miles from any habitation, or, horrid thought, even on the wrong road!

Things grew worse and worse. I had just all but made up my mind to spend the night with the monkeys, whose unearthly chatter, combined with the weird howl of—I don't know what—did not improve matters, when suddenly my horse pricked up his ears, whinnied, and broke into a trot. He had sighted a hut in the gloom.

I slept on my damp saddle-cloths in the hut, with a blanket over me, and passed a bad night.

June 5th.—I was up with the first ray of light, and had great difficulty in finding my horse, who had broken his hobble and wandered off. For two and a half hours I went stamping through the high grass, heavy with dew, and low undergrowth, and was pretty wet before I found him. Saddling up and away, after another eighteen miles over a dry, stony, mountainous road, I obtained my first peep of the Capital, nestled away in the hollow of a semi-circular range of hills, and completely hidden until within a few hundred yards of the outskirts. I soon arranged good pasturage for the troop during our stay, but found I was too late in the day to receive any letters, though I received the box of Scriptures I had sent on ahead of us to this point, the first stage of our journey.

I slept at the rancho at Baealhau, about two miles from the Capital, nearer the pasture, besides being much cooler and healthier.

## BOM FIM TO GOYAZ.

June 6th.—Arose refreshed, and happy to find myself in Goyaz at last. Immediately setting off for the Post Office I had the delightful pleasure of receiving six letters and some papers with news of the outside world. Soon afterwards the troop arrived, and we made a survey of the city.

My first impressions were disappointing. Rather picturesque at a distance, it is badly built in a small horse-shoe of hills. Its

**FIRST IM-  
PRESSIONS  
OF GOYAZ.**



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF GOYAZ.

general aspect is not imposing, like that of Ouro Preto, for instance. There are no fine churches or public buildings to catch the eye, and it is difficult to obtain a good general view of the capital owing to its irregular and hilly character. A detailed examination hardly improves one's first impressions, there being no public buildings worth notice, and though there are many decent houses and shops, and one or two fairly modern, highly-

coloured buildings among them, the general effect is rather uninteresting and commonplace.

There is a Botanical Garden, hardly worth mentioning, and a small, unnavigable, but rather picturesque river (Rio Vermelho).

The most attractive part of the city is the large open square, called Largo da Chefariz, sloping down towards the centre of the city, and surrounded by clean, single-floored, very old white-washed houses, with the big State Prison, surrounded by palm trees, at its upper end.

The many private, well-planted gardens relieve the general appearance, as also the great number of palm trees of different kinds. The inhabitants struck me as being hardly up to the standard of the rest of the State in politeness; but, on the other hand, the fanatical element so notorious in some other States is here almost unknown.

The city has a population of about ten thousand souls. The people generally are of slight stature, and of a rather jaundiced appearance, owing in part to the abuse of coffee and tobacco, the degree of immorality among all classes of society, as well as to the unhealthy situation of the city.

Their chief industries are cattle breeding, corn, sugar and tobacco growing, a little coffee and cotton, and a small extraction of rubber. There is a small gold mining industry, a shadow of the days gone by. Gold is plentiful, but industry and initiative entirely lacking. A few sheep are met with here and there, but thin and pitiful to look at. They are only bred for their wool, and never eaten.

Their women-folk are kept well in the background, and often their only employment is in spinning cotton thread and weaving cloth.

There is no railway in the whole State of over 300,000 square miles, the nearest point from the Capital being about three hundred miles away.

The total revenue of the State is only about forty thousand pounds.



## BOM FIM TO GOYAZ.

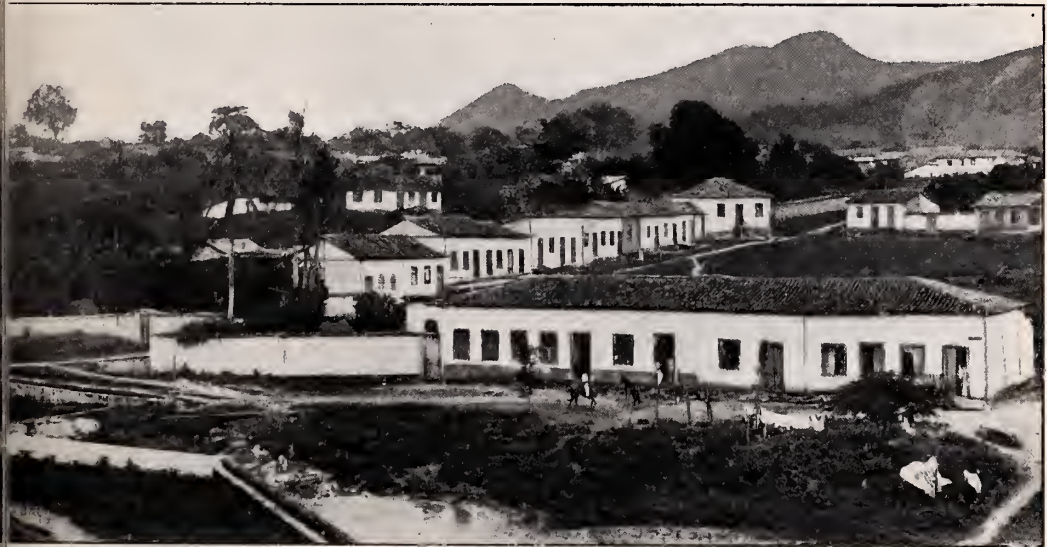
At the end of this stage of our journey, let me say that it has been a comparatively easy and very agreeable one, without the difficulties and dangers one might expect to encounter. Food is everywhere plentiful and cheap, ranchos and farmhouses are generally met with every few leagues, and it is hardly necessary to carry a tent thus far, though of course beyond Goyaz it is quite a different question. It is remarkably favourable for Gospel work of the right kind, either Bom Fim or Pyrenopolis making an admirable centre for work, particularly the former. With the exception of my leg sores, which have now healed up, we have had excellent health throughout.

The nights at this period are cold, and it is wise to carry woollen night clothes and good thick blankets.

The most common fruits met with are oranges, bananas, lemons, mamãos, mangoes and goiabás; and the vegetables—sweet potatoes, mandioca root, cará and a kind of pumpkin. The staple articles of food are black beans and rice, cooked in pork fat.

TRAVEL IN  
GOYAZ NOT  
ARDUOUS.

FRUITS.



A CORNER OF GOYAZ CITY.



## CHAPTER V.



### Work in the Capital, and a Plunge into the Unknown.

**JUNE 7th.**—We did not think it wise to commence our work on this day, so we had a quiet day preparing for the fight. Found a delightful, ideal bathing place close by, a deep pool of crystalline water, surrounded by huge rocks and boulders. How we revelled in it! To my



PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE, GOYAZ.

I met an old friend to-day in Dr. Manoel Conto Brandão, several years ago practising in Ouro Preto. He was surprised and pleased to see me again, and lavished upon us much kindness and strong coffee!

THE  
BISHOP  
OF GOYAZ.

I find that the Bishop of Goyaz now resides outside that State, and if the half they say of him is true, there is excellent reason for his doing so.

**June 8th.**—Two of us started out early with our books, and

## WORK IN THE CAPITAL.

walking the two miles to Goyaz, commenced our canvass of that capital. We met with no opposition, but much indifference among all classes.

We are working the city systematically, street by street, house by house. It is easy to convince the doubtful ones that our books are not what they call "Protestante," and we invite comparison and full examination as to the question of the different versions, so that the few faithful sons of Rome have not a leg to stand upon. With others it is necessary to start at Genesis, and give a general synopsis of the Bible, reading a few passages here and there, ere they can be persuaded that it is not "the Devil's own book," as they have been taught to believe, or that it is not some new subtle, political book, with sinister designs on the peace and prosperity of the land. Had many deeply interesting discussions here and there, and almost invariably carried on in an excellent spirit, and distinctly favourable to the Gospel as embodied in the Word of God. Our sales first day were nine Bibles and fifteen Testaments.

**METHODS  
IN CAN-  
VASSING.**

June 9th.—Continued our canvass of the city, with encouraging results, selling seven Bibles and twelve Testaments. We visited many important citizens, and sold books to advocates, judges, members of Parliament and public officials, our work being mainly among this class to-day. Very tiring work, however, but we feel thankful and happy.

June 10th.—To-day, among other places, I visited the Government House, and interviewed the President of the State, Dr. Manl. Xavier de Almeida, who received me in a very frank and friendly manner. He is a young man, about thirty-eight perhaps, but intelligent and polished, as well as very liberal in his views.

**RECEIVED  
BY THE  
PRESIDENT**

He spoke of the religious sentiment of Goyaz, but deprecated the ignorance and superstition of its people, adding that he considered that the majority of the better educated classes of the people were "Protestant at heart"—whatever that is worth. What he says, however, is quite true, for if Protestantism only

**THE HOPE  
OF SOUTH  
AMERICA.**

stands for a protest against the corrupt practices, superstition and greed of the Church of Rome, then the vast majority of South Americans are good Protestants already. But the hope of this Continent is not Protestantism, which in its *life-giving* properties is no better than Romanism, but Christ in His living, purifying, transforming power. Not out of Romanism into some other "ism," creed or denomination, but from sin unto God, through repentance and faith in the blood of Jesus.



HEART OF CITY (CONVICT PRISON IN BACKGROUND.)

I made the President a gift of a large type New Testament, which he received graciously, and gave me, in an envelope, a Brazilian note of five milreis (7s.) towards our work. Then we parted on good terms, after an interview of over twenty minutes. Our sales to-day were three Bibles and twenty-two Testaments.

**GOOD  
SOWING.**

June 12th.—Work in the city still progresses, and our sales were three Bibles and twenty-six Testaments. What will the harvest be? Had many interesting debates with one or two

## WORK IN THE CAPITAL.

strong Romanists encountered. They are very superior at first, but when you corner them on a few clear verses of Scripture, such as Matt. iv., 10, against idolatry; Luke xi., 28, against the exaltation of the Virgin; Acts iv., 12, against the many mediators of Rome; I Tim. iii., 2, 5, against celibacy of the priests; I Peter ii., 4, 8, against the supremacy of Peter; or I John i., 7, against the doctrine of purgatory, they are either silent or get very angry, and we wisely leave them, after persuading them to accept a Gospel for examination and comparison.

DEBATES  
WITH  
ROMANISTS.

June 13th.—Finished our canvass to-day, selling a few more Bibles and Testaments. Had a long talk with a dying man, and his wife listened with peculiar interest to what I said. They were evidently people of the better class and of some education. The man, who had originally been very powerful and robust, had been ill two years, and was wasting away. After I left I sent him a little tract called "Prepare to meet thy God." Held a meeting in the evening at our rancho; attention fair.

June 14th.—Began to get things straight to resume our journey in its second and more adventurous stage across country to Cuyabá, the capital of the State of Matto Grosso, a distance of six hundred miles. It being necessary to carry sufficient food for the whole journey, I made the following purchases, as our probable consumption for that distance for four men:—

FOOD  
SUPPLIES.

- 45 litres of black beans.
- 60 litres of rice.
- 20 litres of farinha of Indian corn.
- 12 bricks of raw sugar.
- 4 lbs. of coffee.
- 30 lbs. of fat.
- 10 lbs. of salt, and a little dried meat.

One has to be careful in these estimates, as to carry too much is to overload your animals, and to provide too little, means the chance of starving.

The beans proved insufficient by ten litres, and the farinha by

twenty, but the rice and fat were happily more than sufficient to keep us going.

As the trooper I engaged in Pyrenopolis only treated with me to come as far as Goyaz, I had to find another to accompany us to Cuyaba, and found what promises to be a good camarado in Senhor Pedro, a young man who knows at least 160 miles of the road. I am to give him three shillings a day for himself and his animal, and a gratification at the end of the journey, if satisfactory, which would be considered good terms for him in these parts. He brings his dog with him, which is a great acquisition.

YET  
ANOTHER  
TROOPER.



LEAVING GOYAZ.

THE  
CONVICT  
PRISON.

I visited the large, old-fashioned convict prison, making a free distribution of Gospels among the prisoners, besides selling one or two Bibles and Testaments.

Passing the sick man's house I noticed it was all shut up and the blinds down, so fear he has passed away.

June 15th.—Had a quiet Sunday at Bacalhau till four o'clock, when we all walked to the Capital and held two open-air meetings, one in the middle of the street at the entrance to the City, and

## WORK IN THE CAPITAL.

the other in the centre of the big square already referred to. The attention and behaviour of the people was so indifferent and callous, that we held no other meetings. At the second meeting the Viar was within earshot, and seemed very astonished at our methods and preaching, as well he might, but his presence made many afraid to approach within reasonable distance. After these meetings we made a liberal distribution of Gospels.

Monday, June 16th.—The troop left early, going on ahead, while I remained until the afternoon in order to make several purchases and to await the Rio mail, due that day. This accomplished, I bade farewell all round and finally left Goyaz at 5 o'clock that evening. Had a lovely moonlight ride of eight miles, until I came up with the troop, who had encamped by the hut of an old negro, who earned his living by making brooms and cleverly spun ropes of vegetable fibre. Two miles before I rode up to the big bonfire they had built, they could hear my horn sounding over the hills. We are all glad to be on the road again, and passed a good night.

June 17th.—We are now turning our backs on the last outposts of civilisation, and entering, except to a very few, a completely unknown land, though several small parties of horsemen and troops of horses for sale in Matto Grosso are said to pass through during the dry season every year.

**A LITTLE  
KNOWN  
LAND.**

We had some little delay in starting this morning, not getting clear till ten o'clock.

The road descends rapidly, but we had a fine distant view of the Capital, twenty miles behind. The temperature has increased very much, and the sixteen miles we covered with our heavily laden animals along the hilly, stony track was very tiring to beasts and men. We stopped for the night at a rough outhouse of two stories or shelves, all open at the sides. We felt weary, and oh, how hungry, but George soon had a good dinner of beans ready, and didn't we wire into them, having eaten nothing for ten hours.

RISKY  
NIGHT-  
QUARTERS.

Diniz rigged up his bed on the rickety top shelf, with great danger to George on the first floor, and still greater to me beneath both of them on the ground.

June 18th.—Leaving our camp by 7-30, we covered another sixteen miles, in the hot sun. Road very bad, and the flies much more numerous and disagreeable.

The country now is very picturesque, chiefly mountain and forest, with stretches of a low undergrowth called “capoeira.”

We had some lovely distant views of the Golden Mountains. Our animals are behaving well, in spite of their loads and the great heat, only one horse causing us any anxiety.

A FOREST  
FIRE.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we sighted a big forest fire ahead, and continuing our way, soon found ourselves right in the midst of it, riding over the hot, crackling embers, with flames to right and left. At one time our way in front seemed barred, and our case looked bad, but we were able to make a deviation and get into our path again without mishap. One horse had his mane and tail badly singed.

THIN POPU-  
LATION.

One still meets with occasional rough farmhouses, but they are getting more uncommon, and are often ten to twenty miles apart.

We found such a place for our camp to-day, in the hut of Senhor Manoel Carrapina, where in the evening we held a little meeting, Sr. Manoel showing intelligent appreciation and purchasing a New Testament.

A good camping place, but the pigs are—pigs!!

ORANGE  
PEEL TEA.

June 19th.—By seven o'clock we were on our way, riding slowly till ten, when we were compelled to stop and shoe a horse. So we took advantage of the delay to eat some beans cooked overnight by Diniz, who now takes on the cooking and makes most excellent orange peel tea, made of the outer part of the peel, which may be dried in the sun, and carried along. We are hardly ever without it, and like it as well as the best Pekoe.

To-day we struck the river Itapirapoan, but found that there was too much water to pass our animals without wetting their



## A PLUNGE INTO THE UNKNOWN.

loads. So Pedro stripped and carried over the baskets on his shoulders, re-loading on the opposite bank, while George, ambitious for novelties, helped him. Rather a picturesque performance. Wish I had had a camera with me, a wish which has often recurred during the journey.

Riding on another ten miles, we found an old abandoned camp of some six palm-thatched huts, some of quite spacious dimensions, others in ruins, shut in on every hand in the solitude of the Palm Forest, through which we are now journeying. Very interesting and romantic looking, but a trifle gloomy, besides being exceedingly difficult to find pasture for our animals.

**THE  
PALM  
FOREST.**

At nightfall we built a large fire outside the principal hut with the ruins of one of the others. The effect in the quiet of the surrounding forest was very weird, but as this region is infested with jaguars and tiger cats, a good fire enables us to sleep with more confidence and peace, besides providing us with a few hot embers in the morning to warm up our coffee. These huts are just like those used by the wild Indians, whose land we are just beginning to enter.

June 20th.—Rather late in getting away, as owing to the density of the forest our animals were difficult to find, and but for the excellent character and great experience of our camarado we should have fared badly, and perhaps lost an animal or two. This is likely to continue for another eighty miles yet.

Our path takes us through the splendid Palm Forest, the finest we have yet seen, and particularly beautiful on account of the number and variety of the palm trees.

Birds are now more plentiful, scarlet and blue macaws and toucans are often seen, and parrots are as common as sparrows at home. We put up at a regular Robinson Crusoe kind of shanty, whose owner was showing great industry and ingenuity in many ways. Five years ago this place was part of the dense surrounding forest, but by his own labour he has now erected a good log house and barns, and has brought a large piece of fine

**A MODERN  
ROBINSON  
CRUSOE.**

ground under cultivation, giving good crops of Indian corn, mandioca root, cará, castor-oil plant, rice, peanuts, pumpkins, beans, manãos (a kind of butter fruit), sugar cane, and other things.

He makes farinha, dries meat, breeds a few cattle, hunts the surrounding forests with his dogs, and plays an odd kind of African viola and a kettle drum, which he affirmed had been heard twelve miles away. His plantation is infested with deer, whose tracks are in evidence everywhere, and wild pigs. We tried a little stalking expedition that evening, but the dogs were too lively and did not give us a chance. He prepared a sumptuous repast for us of his own produce, and we tasted venison for the first time.

Afterwards we held a meeting in the shanty, singing and speaking on the way of salvation, which our host Pedro Mendes appeared to appreciate. Unfortunately he cannot read.

**A GOOD  
TROOPER.**

June 21st.—Away in good time, thanks to the new camarado, Pedro, who is showing up splendidly. Every morning before daybreak he is up and after the animals, without a word from me, and without assistance. In about an hour, sometimes more, we hear him singing away in the distance, bringing in all the animals in front of him.

**STILL  
THE PALM  
FOREST.**

Our road continues through the forest, a kind of narrow alley, shut in right and left by tall palm trees and a network of hanging creepers and orchids. After a while it grows monotonous, and one longs for the open country, and welcomes any slight elevation which gives some distant view of the country round. Forest! forest!! forest!!! whichever way one gazes. The country is low-lying, and good water is plentiful this time of the year. Diniz shot a large hawk; George stuffed it.

Ten miles brought us to the farm of an old Portuguese, named Senhor Gaspar, who put us up in his own house, the usual palm-thatched, mud wall affair, but very superior for these parts. There is evidently some mystery about Senhor Gaspar, as he seems

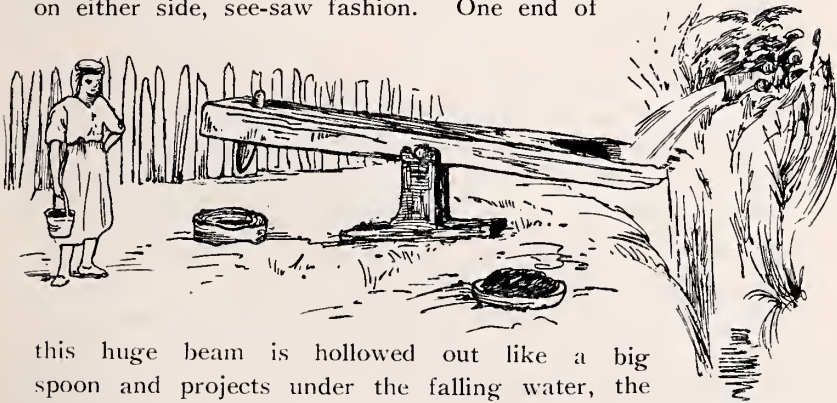
## A PLUNGE INTO THE UNKNOWN.

to be a fairly well educated man. Strange to find such a man in such a place as this.

We spent our Sunday here, trying to keep as cool as a neighbouring stream would permit, but eventually found the jet of water which drives the "monjolla" more satisfactory.

The "monjolla" is a primitive contrivance in common use in Goyaz, and is undoubtedly an idea of great utility. The best explanation of this wonderful machine, as they call it, is as follows:—All that is necessary is a small stream with a fall of a few feet. Then imagine a huge baulk of timber about ten or twelve feet long, and from twelve to eighteen inches square, balanced at the centre by two short axles resting on short posts on either side, see-saw fashion. One end of

THE  
MONJOLLA.



this huge beam is hollowed out like a big spoon and projects under the falling water, the other end, with a long nose-shaped piece of wood let into the lower side, rests on a large deep bowl, fashioned out of a very hard wood, let well into the ground. Then what happens is as follows:—The water, flowing into the hollowed end, increases its weight to such an extent that in a few seconds it descends, tilting the hammer end high up into the air; then the water, immediately escaping, the hammer comes down with a thundering whack into the bowl again, which is generally full of maize being converted by this means into farinha, or perhaps is filled with rice which is being separated from its husk. It thumps away day and night at

the rate of six to fifteen strokes a minute, according to the quantity of water available, and requires little or no looking after. A good monjolla will last fifty years.

Our animals were all the better for the Sunday's rest, and it is a day to which we always look forward. I have a strong notion that Senhor Gaspar is an ex-priest. However, he purchased a New Testament from us.

THE  
HORN.

Monday, June 23rd.—Were away before 7-30, with a fine cool morning. Still the same forest, with a few monkeys to relieve the monotony, and numbers of macaws. We find the horn a great convenience, and have arranged a code of signals, so that any of our party needing to delay or separate from the main body can keep in communication by this means, as it can easily be heard for two or three miles away.

Our mode of travel, since leaving Goyaz, is to ride till about eleven, and then stop where water is found, unloading our animals and letting them graze while we breakfast by the river side or under a shady tree, then pushing on till 3 or 4 in the afternoon. Carrapatos are still with us, especially a new kind called "Carrapato do Chao" (ground carrapatos), and hammocks are advisable here and we only have one!

Found some more abandoned huts, which, in spite of their shaky condition, made a good camping place for the night. Being St. John's Eve, we built a specially big bonfire, and gave the monkeys a treat. Our dog makes a good night watchman.

June 24th.—After a good night, we left in good time, and a twenty mile ride brought us to the banks of the River Claro. We found it too deep to ford, but noticing a big dug-out canoe moored to the opposite bank, tried to attract the attention of its owner in order to pass our loads across. Nobody appearing, I swam across with the horn to wake him up, but just then the canoe man turned up, and towing me back we soon unloaded our animals, and carried all our belongings over, swimming our animals across.

## A PLUNGE INTO THE UNKNOWN.



They all crossed safely, though one drifted down the river to a sandbank mid-stream, but was found later.

Unfortunately, and foolishly we pitched our tent on the river bank. Night falling immediately, with its shades, hosts of mosquitoes disturbed our peace.

MOSQUITOES.

In vain Diniz nearly suffocated us all with fires of dry manure,

supposed to be efficacious against this scourge. They would not be denied, and we passed a terrible night, sleep being impossible, and poor George got quite swollen up with the bites.

June 25th.—We arose in a very soft and crestfallen state, and only making a short journey of ten miles, camped on the banks of a beautiful large stream, swarming with fish, and managed to catch four between us, George, as usual, being the most expert. It was a welcome change to our usual diet. Bathing was very good here, but as I went in just after the horses had been washed, I got a fine dose of carrapatos, and finally, when I got out I found that a swarm of bees had taken possession of my clothing.

BEES!

Had a night alarm, some wild cattle getting among our goods, and chewing up some cloths and a shirt belonging to Diniz, who got quite excited in his alarm.

June 26th.—All up and about before 5 o'clock, thanks to the cows. Pedro went off for the animals, which, owing to the scrub, were difficult to find, and it was nearly eight before we found them all. While we were waiting, George and I were down by the stream in the valley trying to wash the clothes that

the cows had chewed in the night. This is not an uncommon occurrence here, where the wild cattle follow you on the road on the chance of having a lick at your pack saddles, horses, or yourselves, if possible, for the sake of the salt they can extract thereby!

**AN  
ALARMING  
INCIDENT.**

While we were thus occupied, we suddenly heard a loud gun report from the track above us, near our tent, and, looking up, saw the smoke of the shot, and two men racing down in our direction, gesticulating violently.

Behind us, at a distance of about fifty yards, was a huge shaggy wolf, seeming to me as large as a small Shetland pony. Another shot was fired at closer range, but its owner's hand shook, and the wolf then bolted, with men and dog after it. It finally escaped. We covered twenty-two miles to-day, but owing to our late start, darkness had set in ere we reached our next



IN CAMP.

## A PLUNGE INTO THE UNKNOWN.

resting place, an abandoned palm leaf hut. It was too dark to see the nature of the country around us, but with the morning light we found it to be a delightfully pretty spot on a hill-side, in open country, so exhilarating and delightful after the forest that you want to gallop your horse and shout. During the day we crossed the Rio das Almas (River of Souls). And here again we were obliged to unload our animals and, for lack of a canoe, to carry all the boxes and baggage over on our shoulders, no easy work, owing to the stony nature of the river bed.

**CROSSING  
THE RIVER  
OF SOULS.**

June 27th.—Got away by 8-30, Pedro's mule delaying us. We are out of the forest now, and a short ride through splendid pasture land brought us to the banks of the River Araguay, one of the largest and most beautiful rivers I have ever seen.

The Araguay River is the main tributary of the great Tocantins, with its outlet in the delta of the Amazon, and with the exception of a few breaks a little north of the Bananal Island, where there are several small cataracts, it is navigable from its mouth at Pará right up to this point in the rainy season, and to S. Leopoldina, a port only 120 miles N.W. of the Capital of Goyaz, in the dry season. As there are no railway facilities in the whole of the State, there seems to be every reason for utilising this magnificent river as a means of transport to and from the coast. At present there is no navigation whatever, though there are some rumours of a foreign syndicate taking the matter up.

**A SPLENDID  
RIVER.**

We have pitched our tent right on the bank of the river, there being no mosquitoes, and have resigned ourselves to having to lie over several days, as a large troop of two hundred horses, going across to Cuyabá, has arrived just a few hours before ourselves, and therefore has the first right to the raft. Apparently the owner is not a "eavalheiro," and means to retain this privilege until all his scattered animals are ferried, and keep us waiting meanwhile, even though the raft is idle half the time while his troopers are seeking their horses in the surrounding country.

This is a lovely river, and though it seems comparatively

shallow just now, owing to the dry season, yet there is still a fine body of water, and the river is about four hundred yards wide.

It literally swarms with fish of every kind—Pintado, Barbado, Dourado, Pacú, and fishes of a curious earth eating species, which go about in large shoals of several hundreds. The water is cool, good and clear, the general surroundings of our camp are beautiful and exhilarating beyond description, and the sunset, with its lovely colours reflected along the broad expanse of water, is glorious. An ideal place!

**THE STATE  
OF MATTO  
GROSSO.**

The opposite bank has a peculiar interest to us, as it is our first glimpse of the enormous State of Matto Grosso, and this great territory is probably the least known portion of the earth's surface, considering its size—nearly equal in area to the whole of Bolivia.

There appears to be some uncertainty about the division of the States here, Goyaz claiming two hundred miles west of the river as her true limits, but to me the Araguay seems the natural boundary. Not that it matters much, for throughout the two hundred miles in question there is practically only one footpath, and a score or two of huts. Beyond this the country is quite wild, and inhabited by different Indian tribes.

**CONSTIPAÇÃO.** June 28th.—After a good night we were soon about, and George and I took an early plunge in the river from the raft, to our great enjoyment, but to the great astonishment of the natives, who muttered warnings of “constipação,” a kind of comprehensive word which embodies all the ills that flesh is heir to. If there is any doubt about the diagnosis of any sickness it is quite safe to call it constipação. But I fear it is only an excuse for not taking a bath, as the average Brazilian is not as partial to this function as he might be. So in the morning they say it is bad to enter the cold water immediately after bed, because of constipação; it is dangerous to bathe in the hot sun for the same reason; and in the evening, why, no sensible person would dare to do such a risky thing—for fear of constipação. But we bathe at all times and



## A PLUNGE INTO THE UNKNOWN.

on all occasions, in any place, and several times a day, and the dreaded constipação has never once appeared.

To our surprise, soon after mid-day we were able to cross the river in three trips without any mishap, and at last set foot on the unknown land of Matto Grosso.





## CHAPTER VI.



### Through the Indians' Land.

A LOVELY  
CAMP.

JUNE 28th.—We pitched our tent high up on the bank of the Araguay, looking right down on the extensive foreshore, and with grand open views up and down this magnificent river. The raft on which we crossed is a large one, carrying six animals on each journey, and it is poled across in the dry season. In the rainy season it is often impossible to cross for weeks at a time.

We are now in the State of Matto Grosso, and within a hundred yards there is a little village of about thirty or forty low thatched houses, forming three sides of an open square, with a small white chapel in the centre. The place is generally known as Registro. Our large tent soon attracted the attention of the natives, who began to gather round with their usual curiosity and questions. Our animals are generally admired and commended, as well they may be, being in excellent condition after six hundred miles of travel. We obtained some fine oranges and bananas and a little fresh fish, and were able to make a few purchases to insure a safe supply of food for the remaining four hundred miles.

Spent a very delightful Sunday, resolving to push on early next morning in order to get ahead of the big troop. We canvassed the few houses that afternoon, selling four Testaments and twenty-five Gospels to people who had never so much as heard even of these books before, and some, not being able to read, obtained one, so that others might read it to them.

## THROUGH THE INDIANS' LAND.

FIRST  
MEETING  
IN MATTO  
GROSSO.

In the evening we held a very solemn meeting in the centre of the square, under the shadow of a big cross in front of the chapel. About thirty-five people gathered round at a short distance, and all the windows in the square were occupied. I spoke loudly, and the attention and interest were remarkable. Afterwards we scattered some Epistles of St. Peter among the people, and thus ended our first meeting in Matto Grosso.

Monday, June 30th.—We had a good night, though the cold was extreme (for Brazil) and the dew fall very heavy. The animals were found in good time, and we were soon saddled up and away, selling two more Testaments before we left. Every house in the village has some portion of the Word of God there now, and I hope it may touch the imaginations and hearts before the next Romish priest happens to visit the spot. We journeyed fourteen miles, through mixed pasture land and scrub, to a place called Pego Com Deus (“I hold with God,” or “I lay hold of God”) for they say that a man was drowning in the stream there, and was miraculously saved by calling out “I lay hold of God,” hence the name of the place. It only consists of some half-dozen huts, among the tenants of which we sold a Testament and ten Gospels. In the evening we held a meeting in the hut of the chief man of the place, who has an evil reputation, having killed two Indians a short while ago.

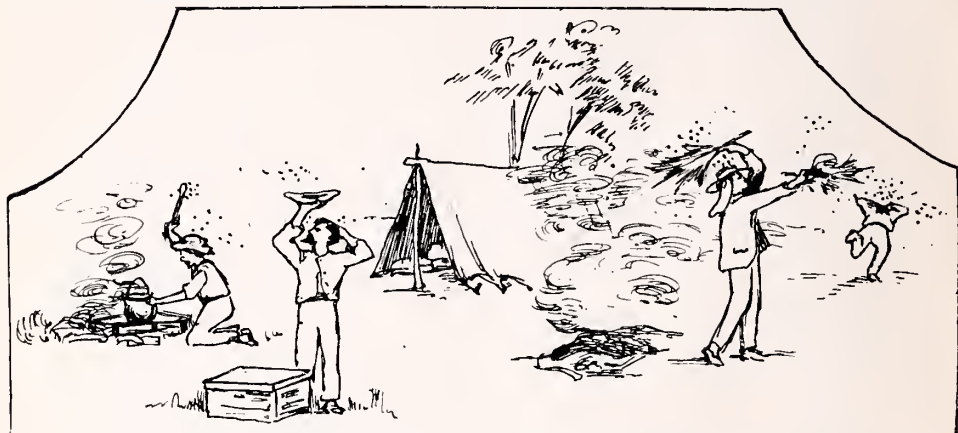
July 1st.—Left early, and covered eighteen miles to a place called Fugaca, just a few mud huts. The roads were good, and the country seems very level. On the road we saw some deer, on which Diniz spent a vain shot, just when we were reasonably expecting venison for dinner. We sold a few Gospels here, and in a capital little meeting spoke to a group of appreciative people.

July 2nd.—Early this morning we made a deal, whereby we exchanged one of our horses, who is in very bad health, for a good strong animal, giving £4 into the bargain. We travelled eighteen miles with the customary stop at mid-day to rest our animals. Our camp to-day is on the bank of a very decent stream

**THE  
INDIANS.**

called Voadeira. Pedro caught some fish. There are no inhabitants here, and our thoughts are much about the Indians now; Pedro feels a bit nervous, and does not like to leave the camp alone, although he is armed with a fierce Smith & Wesson. We teased him a little, but I am afraid his fears were hardly allayed when late that night, after we had retired, a stranger rode up by the light of our camp fire and expressed great satisfaction at finding us there, as he said he had no relish to sleep out alone, his own brother having been speared by the Indians six months before, within a few yards of our encampment. In vengeance for this the relatives had raised a "bandeira," and with a band of

**A CRUEL  
DEED.**



fifteen men, well armed, they penetrated by stealth into an Indian village hidden away in the forest, and slaughtered mercilessly over one hundred men, women and children. Terrible! It was some time ere we got to sleep after hearing all this, and every little strange noise outside was thought to be an Indian.

**SAND  
FLIES.**

July 3rd.—Got away by 7-30. Since Registro we are pestered very much with the little sand flies, whose bite is irritating and poisonous. You cannot escape them till sundown, and to me they are worse than mosquitoes. The pastures are splendid, which is fortunate, for now we have to depend on them for our animals.

## THROUGH THE INDIANS' LAND.

The country generally continues very level, but travel is hard owing to the deep hot sand. We passed some beautiful mountain ranges to the right and left, notably the splendid Serra do Taquaral, with its ten heads. The new horse goes well, but we have had several breakdowns with our pack animals, though nothing serious. The sun has been very hot to-day, and the sixteen miles rather tiring, so we were delighted when we struck a suitable spot for our tent, between two streams running in deep gullies on either side, and beautifully screened by overhanging trees. After our hot ride the bathing was most refreshing. Flies were so bad that we were obliged to make smoke fires all round the camp. They are made, according to general custom, of dried horse dung, and it is just questionable whether the flies are not preferable. Diniz proves to be a most unselfish and painstaking cook, and is doing splendidly. In spite of his slight, rather delicate build, he is standing the journey well, and is an excellent and lovable companion.

July 4th.—We were up and away by seven o'clock. The country around now consists of mixed forest and open camps, and is not very hilly. The sand still troubles us, tiring our animals exceedingly.

Of course there are no inhabitants to be seen, yet we know there are Indians in the forests all around us. In the far distance, over the tree-tops to the South, we sighted a lofty, fine-looking table mountain, apparently about twenty miles away. Fourteen miles through the sand brought us out to one of the most lovely spots we have yet seen, known as Lages. Here there is a torrent of water of great volume, flowing over layers or terraces of red claystone, down through a kind of chine, whose precipitous red-stone rocks are covered with moss, ferns and orchids. The water is as clear as crystal, and swarms with fish of several kinds, which can be seen clearly, for the rocky bottom of the stream, which averages from five to ten feet deep, is as visible as if there were no water.

AN IDEAL  
SPOT.

I never bathed in such a luxurious place, a place to dream of, but rarely realised; such water, such sands, such rocks, trees and flowers!

And yet this was the scene of a grim tragedy a little while ago, when two Brazilian soldiers crossing this district were killed by the Indians, and close by our tent we picked up an empty carbine cartridge, which spoke of the deadly struggle. The only weapon of the Indians is the bow and arrow.

George and Pedro tried their lines, but only hooked one of the sly fish!

A  
DIFFICULT  
PASSAGE.

July 5th.—Slept well last night, and rising early were able to break the record by getting away before 6-50. The lonely road was hard, stony and sandy alternately, with some nasty little hills or banks here and there. A long and tiring ride brought us to the banks of the Barreiros, where Pedro and I were obliged to strip and carry all the loads over on our shoulders—no easy task, as at times the swift running water was almost up to our armpits, and how the flies did bite my back and arms! We then swam our animals over, the whole operation taking about an hour. Loading up again, a short ride brought us to the small telegraphic camp of Barreiros, consisting of two decently built houses and ten huts, all ranged in a semi-circle, and the whole surrounded with a high, rough palisade, as a kind of protection in case of any trouble with the Indians. There are also the high, roofless walls of a large building, begun some years ago but never finished, like so many buildings in Brazil. It was destined to serve as a telegraphic station for the line connecting Goyaz and Cuyabá, and was doubtless built with an eye to probable Indian attacks.

MORE  
ABOUT  
THE  
REDSKINS.

There is no cultivated ground here, for the residents say, "We sow, but the Indians always reap." The Indians will not allow settlers in any part of this country, and to attempt to make a homestead outside these stations is a very risky proceeding. This place until a few months ago was thronged with Indians of

## THROUGH THE INDIANS' LAND.

the Bororó tribe, as they had a village in the forest a few leagues off. They were very useful to the whites in many ways, to catch their animals, and to hunt or fish for them, and they frequently brought in presents of fish, deer, wild pigs or other animals, being very dexterous and expert hunters with the bow and arrow.

But suddenly all this changed, when one day two young Indians were found murdered on the white man's track a few miles away. Their dead bodies were brought to this place by their companions, who made terrible scenes of lamentation on their account, and later on, in a passion of vengeance, they attacked and killed a white settler who lived close by, the occasion already referred to in this diary. The relatives of the white man retaliated by the treacherous, wholesale slaughter of Indians, with the result that these poor creatures, naturally a timid and fearful race, fled into the forest fastnesses, abandoning the neighbourhood of the Cuyabá and Goyaz telegraph track, and travelling South.

However, many of them are still in the neighbouring forests, but though at times we could see the dim light of their distant camp fires by night, yet the Indians themselves keep out of sight, nor, indeed, is anybody especially anxious to meet with them now-a-days, and it is considered necessary to travel carefully and well armed. Though we make a point of carrying no weapons, except sometimes, perhaps, a small shot gun for occasional hunting purposes, yet we feel perfectly safe and secure, for we are on the King's service, and He will be our shield and sure defence. God forbid that we should ever take the life of one of these poor ignorant savages to preserve our own, or believe that this could be God's way of protecting His servants. Jehovah is our refuge, and we are safe and secure in His care; otherwise many rifles could not save us were the Indians determined on our death. They could kill us all with one discharge of their poisoned arrows shot out from among the forest shades before we could become aware of their presence.

UNCOM-  
FORTABLE  
NEIGHBOURS.

POISONED  
ARROWS

As we now had no corn for our animals, and the pasturage here

was extremely bad, I decided to break our rule of Sunday rest, and push on another few miles early next morning to a suitable place. So we were up before daybreak, and an eight miles ride brought us to a splendid pasture ground, where we spent a delightful Sunday, in spite of the flies and smoke fires. I saw Pedro, our trooper, lighting his cigarette with a piece of smouldering dung used in these fires, with the greatest unconcern as if it were a very natural proceeding. We are only 320 miles from Cuyabá now, and are all in capital health. All our animals, too, are in splendid condition.

Monday, July 7th.—Were away before seven, over a fairly good road. The table mountain is still in sight, far away in the distance.

DOUBTFUL  
COMPANY.

Saw a number of deer to-day, and a large wolf in the distance, but he made off before I could get near.

I noticed some curious sounds in the forest, like some wild animal accompanying us but hidden from sight. This went on for some time, and Pedro says it is Indians trying to intimidate us. They make these grunting or roaring noises in imitation of wild beasts, but we saw nothing of them. We camped that night at Coito.

July 8th.—Made a short journey of ten miles to the River Barreiros, which happily was low enough to ford without unloading. We camped on the opposite bank. A rule always to be remembered is to cross a river *before* camping, otherwise the weather may change during the night, and the rains so swell the stream that you may be compelled to remain there a week or two before effecting a crossing. The district passed through to-day was much more hilly, and afforded some splendid views of the surrounding country, with its vast stretches of virgin forest, undulating plains, and distant mountain ranges. We also noticed some new kinds of beautiful wild flowers. Deer seem very plentiful here, and the pasture is splendid.

July 9th.—Left in good shape, but only travelled twelve miles

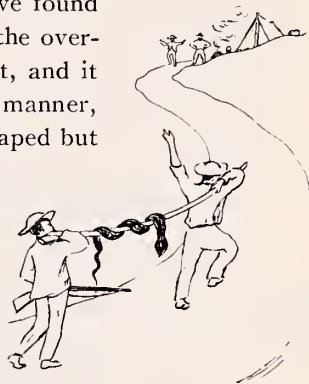


## THROUGH THE INDIANS' LAND.

over very sandy ground through open campos. The day was lovely and cool, and we struck an excellent place for our camp, near a fine large stream. Pedro cast about for a place to fish, and disturbed a large snake called Jararacucú de Pantanal, which was evidently basking in the sun on the river bank. Don't know who felt most disturbed—Pedro or the snake. The latter dropped plump into the water, and Pedro made off to acquaint us with the incident.

A SNAKE  
INCIDENT.

George and I immediately ran down to see if we could find it again, and if possible kill it, for instinctively one never sees a snake without desiring to kill it. So down we went with a long pole and a shot gun. After some difficulty we found the reptile under the water, hidden away by the overhanging shrubs. A shot soon brought it out, and it slashed about in the water in a really terrible manner, and, though fatally wounded, would have escaped but for a shot from the second barrel, which settled it. Pulling it out of the water we found it to be over nine feet long, and about the thickness of one's arm. We carried it up to our camp in triumph slung over the pole between us, to the great astonishment of Pedro and Diniz. Afterwards George skinned it, and we carried this trophy along with us.



July 10th.—To-day we travelled sixteen miles to a place called Paredãozinho, which, being interpreted, means "Big little wall," named after a large rock in the vicinity. A good and pretty camp, with excellent pasture for our animals.

July 11th.—Another sixteen miles brought us to Paredão (Big Wall), a romantic spot near a very high cliff-like mountain, which looked lovely by the light of the setting sun. It is supposed to be haunted by Indians, and we are not very anxious to explore. One feels very lonely here. The last habitation we passed was about seventy miles back, but we expect to reach a few huts in a day or two at Sangrador.

A HAUNT  
OF THE  
REDSKINS.

We very rarely meet anybody on the road, day in, day out, but when we do so we invariably sell them a book, sometimes several, and so the seed is being sown, even in this benighted region. Noticed the tracks of a Brazilian tiger to-day.

July 12th.—Leaving by 6-30 we covered sixteen miles over level country to Areas, on the banks of a nice, little, sandy stream of beautiful water. After sunset we were joined by a line watchman, who spent the night with us, and told me much of interest about the Indians, and promised to obtain some of their bows and arrows for me. Here I first had thoughts of devoting my life to these poor Indians, like Brainerd, but I feel much too unworthy.

July 13th.—For many reasons we regretfully had to travel again on Sunday, on account of our animals. Eighteen miles brought us to Macacos, where we struck a camp of line labourers, sold them some Gospels, and had a good talk with the men by their camp fire. The nights are very cold now, and as my blankets are thin I have poor, sleepless nights.

July 14th.—Were loaded and away soon after six, and after a tiring ten miles reached Sangrador, the first dwellings since Barreiros, 120 miles back.

**SANGRADOR VILLAGE.** It is a little settlement of some twelve to fifteen houses of rude construction, built on a commanding elevation. The climate is healthy and bracing, and the nights are the coldest we have yet experienced.

**OUR TENT.** We pitched our tent outside the settlement, near the banks of the River Sangrador, a not very large, but deep, river of excessively cold water, and spanned by a wooden bridge of extraordinary shape. Tent pitching is very easy, when you know how. Our own tent is simple enough, consisting merely of a big sheet of strong sailcloth about 7 x 3½ yards, with two light flaps on each end to close the tent when required. The poles for the two forked uprights and crosspiece are cut at each camping place, and with the aid of six or eight iron tent pegs, which we carry with us, the tent is in position in a few minutes.

## THROUGH THE INDIANS' LAND.

Our provisions, on the whole, are lasting out well, and, from what we have consumed, I estimate that a safe provision for a similar journey could be made on the following basis:—

Consumption per month, per man:—

Of beans, rice and farinha—10 litres each,

Toncinho, or fat for cooking—7 lbs.,

Raw sugar—5 bricks,

Coffee—1 lb.,

Salt—2 lbs.,

and a few accessories, such as matches, tallow candles, or coarse wax tapers, soap, creoline, tartaro, fish-hooks, and orange peel tea. One or two spare horse-shoes, and twelve nails for each animal. Above all, a good supply of patience, endurance and long-suffering.

Soon after our arrival in Sangrador we were visited by a very agreeable, hearty and hospitable old man called Captain Cecilio, a bluff old Bahiano, who insisted on styling us all *Don*—“*Senhor Don Frederico.*” He certainly treated us very well, asking us to take tea with him, and to drink milk and coffee in the early morning.

We all slept well that night, except poor Diniz, who disturbs us with his groans. Poor fellow, he is suffering with a “bernie” which developed in the calf of his leg a few days ago, and is in a very swollen condition, and the gnawing of the insect inside causes great pain and sleepless nights. Here are a few words of description as to this terrible pest, which happily I have not yet suffered from.

A  
TERRIBLE  
FLY.

The origin of this new affliction is a big spotted fly which the Brazilians call the *botuca*. It is a silent fly, and is thus enabled to attack without warning. It inserts its proboscis into the human body, with the sole idea of depositing its egg there, and beyond feeling a sharp prick at the time, there is no after pain or irritation attending this operation, and one soon forgets all about it until the egg, thus left to itself, becomes a maggot, which

gradually, and at first painlessly, works itself deeply into the flesh. In about a week's time the maggot has grown to a length of about half an inch, and begins to make known its presence to the unfortunate individual in whose body it is working, for at regular intervals the animal changes its position, and the sensation to the hapless sufferer is as though a sharp, spiked wheel were being screwed round in his flesh. This grows worse and worse until the insect can be extracted by squeezing, which can only be done when it has attained a certain size. It is a very painful operation. A full-grown bernie is about an inch and a quarter in length, and the resulting wound, if care is not exercised, will give serious trouble and make travel impossible.

July 15th.—Spent the day in Sangrador, washing clothes and receiving visits. We were invited to the Captain's house, and he showed us over his garden, in which are many varieties of fruits, such as oranges, grapes, genipapas, goiabas, mangoe trees and cajus.

Afterwards we visited all the houses, selling eight Gospels: all other books were out of stock. We invited the people to a meeting that night in the Captain's house. About fifteen people turned up, and were very attentive to our hymns and words, though the spirit of the meeting was rather hard.

July 16th.—After bidding farewell to our kind friend, the Captain, we were on our road by seven o'clock, passing through some fine forest country, with patches of low undergrowth and jungle here and there. About mid-day we nearly lost one of our pack animals, crossing a rough, badly-made, log bridge. I was picking the way, and had just time to warn the troop back, barely managing to cross myself. But the camarada, not heeding my cry until it was too late, allowed four of our animals to follow me on to the narrow, rickety bridge. Three got across somehow, but



## THROUGH THE INDIANS' LAND.

the next animal went through, and hung there with his forefeet on the loose timbers, suspended over the river far beneath. It was a very anxious moment, and looked a hopeless case with those loose logs and the animal's heavy load. However, without a moment's delay, we grabbed him as well as we were able, strengthened up the timbers around, filled up some of the gaps, managed to get his load off, and with pushing and pulling we hauled him up, and safely over without injury. Thank God! We afterwards found an excellent ford for our other animals, and dismantled the bridge as a protest. We had only ridden fourteen miles, but this alarming incident so fagged the poor little mule that we camped for the night close by, though we had great difficulty to water our animals. Killed a prettily marked but very venomous snake, with an arrow-shaped head. He must have been twisted round, or in, one of the large dry sticks I had just carried in on my shoulder for firewood. George skinned it.

A  
DANGEROUS  
LOAD.

In the evening George and I entered the neighbouring forest, which we found to be very dense, quiet and gloomy, with remarkable hanging creepers of huge length and thickness, and some of the finest trees I have ever seen. But oh! so silent! no birds or animals of any description. Foolishly we wandered too far, and twisting and turning to cut our way through we lost our bearings completely, and our shouts re-echoing through the forest brought no response. We realised the real danger of the position in a country where there are no houses, hundreds of miles of dense forest, and only one thin beaten track, but we did not lose our heads or we might never have got out, and shortly after we found our true bearings, and to my relief were soon in camp again.

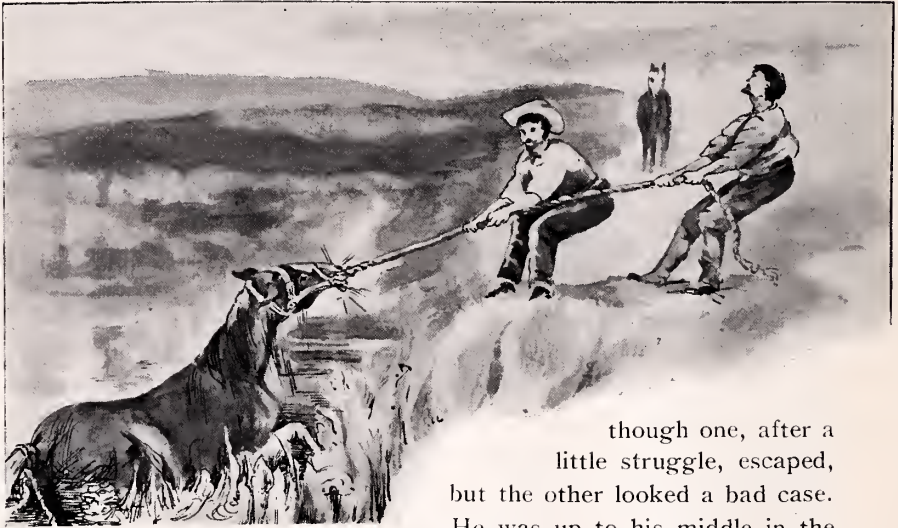
LOST!

It is very wise, if not absolutely necessary, to carry a small pocket compass, to save much time and anxiety.

July 17th.—We had some trouble in getting our animals together this morning, for they had entered the forest, into which Pedro was not anxious to follow. So he succeeded in getting them all out in about ten minutes by the clever ruse of imitating

A  
CLEVER  
RUSE.

a wolf's howl. All the troop made for the open immediately, the mules being especially frightened and excited. After eight miles we stopped for breakfast on the edge of a large dried-up lake, and then pushed on to Mario, selling a few Gospels on the way to some passing travellers. The camp here is a very bad one, no pasture, and, worse still, little or no water. Our animals were in distress, and we nearly lost the grey horse in a bog, where he with others had gone in search of water. Two horses stuck fast,



though one, after a little struggle, escaped, but the other looked a bad case. He was up to his middle in the swamp, with a steep bank on the side out. After cutting away the bank we made united efforts to get him out, I with a stout halter at his head, and the others with ropes to his tail.

Finally, after a big struggle, we managed to roll him out in a very dirty and exhausted condition, and we felt very thankful to God for this second deliverance.

We ejected the "bernie" from poor Diniz's leg to-day.

July 18th to 28th.—We left this unfortunate spot with a hearty good will, and continued our journey through rather monotonous

## THROUGH THE INDIANS' LAND.

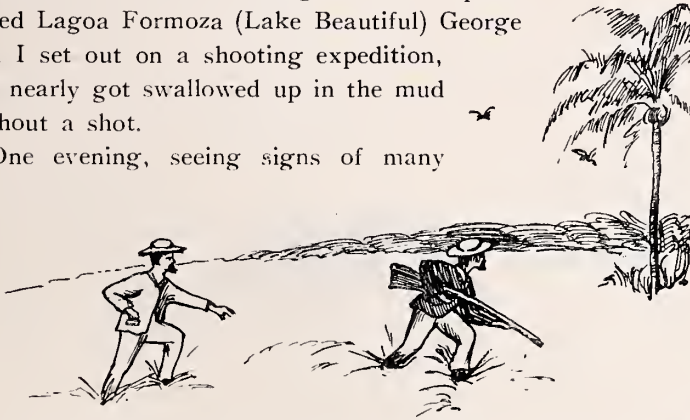
and uninteresting country, presenting a succession of high, dry tablelands, with intervening swamps, which, in the rainy season, are almost impassable.

During this week we covered about one hundred miles without accident, and were very fortunate in finding good camping ground and pastures every day.

There are many herds of deer, but they are too timid and we too inexperienced to profit by them. Nor have we time or inclination for much hunting. At one place called Lagoa Formosa (Lake Beautiful) George and I set out on a shooting expedition, but nearly got swallowed up in the mud without a shot.

UNPROFITABLE  
SPORT.

One evening, seeing signs of many



emus about, I ventured out with our shot-gun to explore. The sudden sunset and rapidly succeeding darkness found me far away from our encampment, and I soon lost my bearings, as one can easily do in the open prairie. After tramping many fruitless miles in the growing darkness, I was beginning to feel bewildered and glum, when I caught sight of a distant camp fire, and a few faint shouts reassuring me, I struck across country, and to my great relief reached our encampment again.

At one of our camps there was a curious natural rock bridge, through which the Rio dos Mortes (River of the Dead) finds its way, dropping some twenty or thirty feet in the passage.

At Chico Nunes we had a good and interesting camp on the

RED  
ANTS.

outskirts of a forest, but late in the evening the ants invaded us on all sides—large red fellows who bite like anything, and we were obliged to build fires around the tent to defend ourselves from their attack. We find our dog a good companion and a great help at night, keeping guard outside the tent. At Capin Branco, the first village since Sangrador, now one hundred miles behind us, we held a good meeting in the house of one of the chief men of the place. About fifteen people attended. Not bad, seeing that there are only twelve houses in the place. The attention and spirit manifested were excellent. We hear gloomy reports of Cuyabá. As a result of a recent revolution, with much loss of life, the crops have been neglected, and there is a great scarcity of food. Commerce is paralysed, while scamps and horse stealers abound. May God preserve us from them!

July 29th.--Pitched our tent on the bank of the Rio Manso. The character of the country has changed somewhat, it is higher and more wooded. It is also and we found it necessary to wrap ourselves up in blankets and waterproofs, and quite enjoy the fire—and our nightcaps.



our tent on the bank of the Rio Manso. The character of the country has changed somewhat, it is higher and more wooded. It is also and we found it necessary to wrap ourselves up in blankets and waterproofs, and quite enjoy the fire—and our nightcaps.

A troop of oxen passed us to-day, with pack-saddles and loads of about 350 pounds each. They travel quickly, having covered twenty-eight miles that day, but are no use for long journeys, being unreliable; they soon give up with a little hot sun, and where they sit down, there you have to camp.

POOR  
OX!

We enabled a negro to find his ox, which had got entangled in the bush, and had passed five days without food or water. Poor creature! how it did drink afterwards. The black was extremely grateful, and gave us some maize corn for our animals.

July 30th.—During the night, a strong, cold wind arising, all our troop were driven before it, and though we hunted all day it was only in the evening that Pedro found their trail, but as they



## THROUGH THE INDIANS' LAND.

must have been many miles away, it was too late to follow it up till the morning.

July 31st.—Pedro was off before daybreak, and found all our animals together some five or six miles away. Happily they had turned and were all coming into camp.

It was eleven o'clock when we finally left, and trying a short cut we took a course far too much to the South. After riding eighteen miles, night began to creep on us, and we had found no camping place, there being no water. We scoured the country in different directions, without success, but finally, just before it grew quite dark, we discovered a stream, hidden away down from our path in the middle of a little wood, and we had to fell a few trees in order to get our animals through. It would *do*, and very glad we felt to find it, and soon had our tent in position under the trees. At night we were disturbed by some animals prowling outside the tent, but our dog soon drove them off, whatever they were.

OFF THE  
TRACK.

The country we are now passing through is changing its character very much, and we are leaving the open, undulating camps for a more mountainous district. Mountains began to appear in front to-day, and then to right and left of us, and soon we were in a hilly and very beautiful territory, abounding in lovely palm trees of different kinds, some laden with a kind of small cocoanut. The climate is cool and exhilarating.

A  
GLORIOUS  
COUNTRY.

August 1st.—Found our animals without difficulty, and continued our ride through this magnificent country with its splendid forests, fine trees and flowers, and gaily coloured birds. After riding about sixteen miles the road begins to descend to the plains of Cuyabá, stretching away as far as the Bolivian frontier.

There are two descents, the one to the South being the best, and in fact a very fine road. It descends by easy curving grades, with short level spaces here and there, the descent being three or four miles in length. The views afforded on the way down were

DOWN  
TO THE  
VALLEY  
OF THE  
PARAGUAY.

wonderful, and almost bewildering in their extent, and the lovely trees and foliage generally passes anything I have ever seen. On reaching the bottom a ride of about two more miles brought us to a large farm known as Abolição, where we camped for the night. Sold another Gospel.

RISKY  
BATHING

August 2nd.—Travelled sixteen miles to Arica Mirim, pitching our tent on the river bank. The country now is more cultivated, as we are in the neighbourhood of Cuyabá, but it is flat, dry and uninteresting, and the atmosphere is warm and sultry, the change in this respect being very marked. Caught a few fish, and had some good bathing in spite of the warnings of a passer-by referring to certain doubtful fish and electric eels. If we took any notice of all they tell us we should never have a bath at all!

August 3rd.—Pasture here is terrible, so we pushed on another twenty-two miles to-day, through Aricá, to a kind of jungle within four miles of Cuyabá, there being neither pastures nor water to be found any nearer that city.

We pitched our tent here, and find the place is called Quebra Pote (Broken Pot). It is a regular wilderness, and the water is scarce and of a doubtful quality, but it seems to be the best spot near the capital.

A  
WELCOME  
REPAST.

August 4th.—I left the camp with Pedro, and we rode up to the city, posted letters, wired to Rio of our safe arrival, and I received some five letters which were eagerly devoured. Then I took Pedro to a restaurant, for the first time in his life, I should think, and we had a good breakfast. How delicious it did taste, and how nice the tablecloth looked after our rough living of the last four months. Pedro seemed very much embarrassed with all this luxury, and sat sideways on his chair, and I certainly felt a bit strange myself with the fresh meat and the first bread we have had for four months.

CUYABÁ  
AT LAST.

So here we are in Cuyabá at last, after all the gloomy prognostications of the folk (wise and otherwise) who gave us their friendly, candid advice, but who seemed to leave God out

## THROUGH THE INDIANS' LAND.

of their calculations. We have covered one thousand miles on horseback, and God has protected us in a wonderful way from many perils. Our animals are all well, and we have never really suffered from lack of food or water, and besides all this, in spite of the thinly inhabited state of the country from Goyaz to this place, we have sold one hundred and seventy-one copies of the Scriptures, besides free distributions of many portions and tracts.





## CHAPTER VII.



### The Bible in the most central City of South America.

IN THE  
CENTRE  
OF  
SOUTH  
AMERICA.

**C**UYABÁ, the Capital of Matto Grosso, is a comparatively new city of about twenty thousand inhabitants, and, considering its position in the very heart of the Continent, is a fairly large and interesting place. It is built on the banks of the Cuyabá River, one of the sources of the mighty Paraguay, and is the farthest interior port reached by steam navigation in South America, being over two thousand miles up from the mouth of that river at Monte Video.

The city has a bright, pleasing aspect, most of its buildings are of one floor and built of plastered brick, with a spice of ornamental stucco and very fancy colouring, with here and there a few mud and stick huts by way of contrast. It is superior to Goyaz in many ways, except in its climate, which we found to be very trying and unwholesome. Owing to its position on the river, there is generally considerable commercial movement here, the principal articles of commerce being rubber, hides, sugar, salt and fish.

REVOLU-  
TIONS.

The better class people are well dressed, and have a more prosperous, businesslike look about them than those of Goyaz, but they are not so hospitable or good-natured. Their ladies evidently try to be up to date in the latest Paris styles, with startling effect. The inhabitants of Matto Grosso are generally of a nervous and excitable disposition, and political revolutions of a sanguinary character are periodical events that have re-acted very much against the prosperity of this State, and every man's

## THE BIBLE IN THE MOST CENTRAL CITY.



A STREET OF CUYABÁ.

hand seems turned against his neighbour. We had arrived here only a few weeks after one of these revolutions, during which some unspeakable atrocities had been committed, several small cities wiped out, and the ex-President himself beheaded. The average Brazilian soldier—or the civilian for that matter—when he is once wrought up, is capable of the most brutal and revolting excesses, and is more like a wild animal than a human being; for the mixture of the black, white and red races has produced a most terrible type in this respect, as Brazil is discovering to her cost.

Though, strange to say, the climate of Cuyabá has a good reputation, it is in no way due to the sanitary state of the city, which is disgraceful. Decayed vegetable matter and bad water lic about the streets; there is no sewage system; the drinking water is pumped up from the river near at hand; and the general air is unwholesome, and at times very disagreeable.

CLIMATE  
OF  
CUYABÁ.

August 5th.—Visited the city again, which is an hour's ride from our camp, and though it is built on rising ground, it is quite hidden on its east side and not seen until within half a mile. We find that our boxes of books, sent from Rio some months ago, have not yet arrived, and there is no news of them. We are a bit of a mystery to the inhabitants, who don't quite know how we arrived, or who we are. Am not clear yet as to our movements when Cuyabá is finished, whether to push on another two hundred miles to Villa Maria on the Upper Paraguay, and then down the river from that point, or to sell our troop in this city and reach the River Paraguay from here, for I find the return journey by horseback is impossible, owing to the swamps and the approaching rains.

I visited a few people to whom I had introductions—João Baptista Almeida, a wealthy merchant and ex-President, who received me very courteously, and Senhor Mendonça, an agnostic professor, who listened in a curious quizzical manner to my testimony. He had had a Bible for years, it appears, but had never read it, but I think I have succeeded in inducing him to do so. He gave me some good information and valuable help, and was well disposed towards us.

August 5th to 14th.—The books not arriving, we remained in our retired camp at Queba Pote until Thursday, the 14th, as I did not desire to attract much attention, or get under the notice of the Bishop of Cuyabá and his brethren, until we were ready for the fray. Otherwise they would have had plenty of time to prejudice the minds of the people against us, and handicap our efforts to circulate the Scriptures.

A BUSH  
FIRE.

During this time we suffered some hardships on account of the bad water, camp fires, &c. Once a bush fire threatened to wipe us out entirely. George and Pedro were away, and only the strenuous efforts of Diniz and myself succeeded in beating back the flames. It meant some hours' work in the hot sun, thrashing out the flames with branches, and we were as black as niggers before we were through.

## THE BIBLE IN THE MOST CENTRAL CITY.

At this date our diary contains but little of interest, and we had very few visitors, though one appeared, of a disagreeable kind, in the shape of a big black cobra, which entered the tent one evening, much to the discomposure and fright of George and Diniz, who were sitting on the ground inside. I'm sure Diniz never jumped so high in his life. George shot it. After a few days I sold the first of our animals for a good price to a city merchant.

**A SNAKE  
FRIGHT.**

Meanwhile the water continued to get worse each day, and the stream was drying up. So one day George and I mounted our horses and made a sweep around the neighbouring country in search of a better site for our camp, but we found nothing satisfactory. Matters grew serious, and we were getting face to face with grave difficulties; the water was all but stagnant, our animals becoming sick in consequence, and the fires threatening the remaining vestige of pasturage in spite of all our efforts, when I was led to call on an old Brazilian farmer I had heard of, living a few miles away on the banks of the Cuxipó River. I asked his permission to pitch our tent on the river side, in his property, and to be allowed to water our animals there. He willingly agreeing, on the 14th we moved all our belongings from the grim camp of the "Broken Pot" to this delightful and beautiful spot, pitching our tent on the sandy bank of the lovely river. How we revelled in that river, and canoed in an old "dug-out" up and down the stream to our heart's content. We are getting quite expert with the paddle, in spite of the dangerous balance of these log canoes, which capsizes on the least excuse. We were very thankful to God for His goodness, and the next night we held a good and attentive meeting in the farmer's house, about ten or twelve being present.

**A  
TRYING  
TIME.**

**A  
SPLENDID  
CAMP.**

During all this time we can do nothing but patiently wait. There are only about two mails reach Cuyabá every month, and the last one, which I trust will bring me news of our books, is already ten days overdue.

VISIT  
TO THE  
GOLD  
DREDGER.

Hearing that about twenty miles up the River Cuxipó there was an important gold and diamond dredging experiment being carried on by an Australian syndicate, we resolved to pay them a visit, the gold dredging camp being called Cuxipó de Ouro.

August 17th.—About nine o'clock, George and I, with our pack animal, set out to see our countrymen, and trying a short cut across country we came to grief, and wandering round and round we almost doubled on our tracks, and never seemed to get any



A FARMHOUSE.

nearer, several times getting quite jammed in some forest thickets, and only getting out with some difficulty and a few scratches.

Finally, after riding about eight hours, and getting within six miles of our destination, we were obliged to hire an old black man we met to guide us on foot to the miners' camp. We only arrived by sundown, rather worn and weary, but had the satisfaction of having sold a few Gospels and scattered some tracts on the way.



## THE BIBLE IN THE MOST CENTRAL CITY.

We were well received by the miners, who turned out to be a very cosmopolitan crowd, being about an even mixture of English, New Zealanders, Americans, Germans, Italians, Brazilians, and a few other nationalities.

THE  
MINERS'  
CAMP.

We went down and inspected the huge steel pontoon in construction, which is to carry the dredging machinery. This river is reported to be fabulously rich in gold and diamonds, samples of which were shown to us.

Afterwards we sat down to dinner with this motley crowd in a large hut used as a dining room, furnished with a long bare table and forms. They seemed a very interesting and decent set of men, who had knocked about all over the world, some of the Germans having fought with the Boers in the late war.

The manager of this dredging enterprise is a Mr. Wall. His head foreman, a German named Von Reinhol, had been laid up for seven weeks, through being stung by a raia while bathing in the river. The raia is a kind of small skate, varying from six inches to three feet in diameter, with a long, sharp, saw-like spine, attached to a flexible trunk from the centre of the fish's body. They are generally found in stagnant pools, or in still water with a sandy bottom, but never on stony ground with running water. The sting is very poisonous, produces great agony, and is often fatal.

THE RAIA

That same night we held an informal meeting, singing a few hymns in English and Portuguese, and giving our testimonies, that of George being most effective and blessed of God. The miners were deeply impressed, and two of them especially thanked us afterwards.

They placed an empty hut and hammocks at our disposal for the night, but we slept badly with the cold. The next day, Sunday, was bleak and windy, and we found that our animals had jumped the fence of their enclosure and were missing. Owing to a drunken camp brawl we held no meeting that night as intended, but had some good talks with some of the fellows there.

Our three animals were found on Monday morning, and we sold two of them to two young Englishmen.

Meanwhile God had given us the time and opportunity to see two men converted, the two already mentioned, one being William, an old white-haired veteran, and the other a young man named Parry, a dissolute drunkard.

Parry had been anxious since our meeting, and spoke to George about his condition. On Monday, early, he did not go to work, in order to speak with us, and was in a terrible condition of mind, feared he was "too black," and thought it would be presumption and a mockery to pray to God. Finally he got on his knees in a small hut close by, and with great difficulty he came to the point of simply asking forgiveness, believing that the work of atonement was done, and giving thanks for it. It was hard work, and needed much perseverance and patience to see the man clearly through, as he often attempted to rise to his feet and leave without deciding. He seemed to be quiet and satisfied afterwards, and we persuaded him to testify to old William, which he did, telling him of what he believed God had done for him.

William was impressed, so I appealed to him, too, and after a little straight talking we went into the same hut, and kneeling down there, old William with great simplicity laid hold of God's Word for his soul's salvation. He was quite broken down and wept, but on getting through his whole demeanour and appearance changed. His face lighted up and he gave glory to God, and then went out and told Parry the good news. "Praise the Lord," he said, "for sending you two men, for I would sooner have what I have now than a hundred times all the gold in the Cuxipó," and his shining face showed that he meant it. Poor Parry, too, seemed to change every minute, and to grow brighter and more satisfied, and thanked us again and again. "What would have become of me had you not come here," he said. We bade them good-bye, but Parry accompanied us on foot for over a mile, and then, after a word of prayer, George

## THE BIBLE IN THE MOST CENTRAL CITY.

gave him his Bible, and we and he went our several ways rejoicing and giving thanks to God.

Having sold our two saddle animals, we were obliged to walk back to our camp about twenty-two miles away, pulling our pack-animal behind us, through the soft sand and scorching sun; and finally reaching home about nine o'clock that night, footsore and weary. We passed a bad night, being too cold and stiff to sleep.

A  
22 MILE  
TRAMP.

Diniz tells us that on Sunday night the wind was so strong that it blew the tent down, and it was impossible to put it up till the next day, owing to the violence of the storm, so they had a rough time, poor fellows!

August 19th.—Passed a quiet day trying to get thawed out again, wrote up diary, &c., and making up my accounts find that we are selling our animals at over their original cost, which is very satisfactory. Had another very good meeting in Senhor Juca's house, with an increased attendance, several young men and many women, and I felt that God blessed. One generally *knows* this instinctively.

August 20th.—Sold another animal to-day. No news of the books or mail boat yet. Our farmer friend, Senhor Juca, and his sons visited our tent and were very friendly. Later on they fired half a dynamite bomb in a deep pool just below us, killing some seventeen fine fish. After the explosion George and I swam about collecting the fish and throwing them to land, though some, being only stunned, were difficult to catch and hold. They gave us all the fish we could use. Last night was very cold, almost, if not quite, down to zero; the high grass and banana trees were bitten.

BOMB  
FISHING.

August 21st.—One of the animals sold was returned, owing to a defect showing up, so I gave another in exchange for it.

By special invitation we held another meeting in Senhor Juca's house, Diniz speaking, and singing his first solo. George and I also said a few words. Our hymns are very much appreciated, as usual.

The weather is getting warmer. Changes here are very rapid and the rains are not far off; so it is just as well that we abandoned the idea of pushing on to Santa Maria with our troop, especially with this long enforced delay, due to the non-arrival of our books. We are also saved the expense of keeping so many animals, which had cost us about five shillings a day in corn here,



A BRAZILIAN NEGRESS MAKING LACE.

owing to the scarcity of grass. We still have three animals on our hands.

August 22nd.—Still warmer to-day. Diniz is yet suffering with the wound caused by the bernie, though it is several weeks since the worm was ejected, and he is trying some new remedies now—boiled leaves and grated tree powder—but we think he is foolish and have no faith in these things.

## THE BIBLE IN THE MOST CENTRAL CITY.

August 23rd.—Passed an uneventful day in camp. Senhor Juca fired another half bomb, which gave us over one hundred fish.

August 25th.—After a quiet Sunday I went up to the city this morning, hearing the mail had arrived, but the letters were not sorted that day, so I spent the night in Cuyabá, and next morning, the 26th, I received three letters, but, to my dismay, with no news of the books whatever. So I returned to the camp, resolved to make a journey of some four days down the River Cuyabá to the city of Corumbá on the Paraguay, to try and obtain news of the same, thinking they might be awaiting us there, for Corumbá is the port and Customs House of Matto Grosso. The only steam navigation above that point consists of small flat-bottomed steam launches.

IMPATIENT  
OF DELAY.

August 26th.—Left camp early with Pedro, intending to embark that day for Corumbá. On reaching the river port I noticed out in mid-stream a newly-arrived steam launch, and the idea occurred to me that perhaps our boxes were on board. So I hailed the boat, which I found was from Corumbá, but the commander was not on board, and nobody seemed to know where he lived.

A  
PROVIDEN-  
TIAL  
INCIDENT.

I felt like letting the matter slide, but eventually, after some trouble, I managed to find his house. He had no boxes for me, neither did he know anything of them, and then an idea struck him that some two months ago a merchant from Corumbá had given him a letter to deliver here to somebody with a name like my own. On arriving here he had searched the hotels, and not finding anybody of our name he gave the matter up, and threw the letter on one side. With some difficulty he found it, and to my delight it was the long expected letter, informing me that the books had been waiting for us nearly two months in the stores of Rabello & Co. I went there at once, and found three big boxes, none the worse for their storage, the proprietor wondering what such heavy boxes could contain.

I immediately sent word out to my companions on the river bank at Cuxipó to move the camp into town at once. Obtaining

the loan of some rooms in the house of a son of Senhor Juca's, we began to make arrangements for our book campaign.

August 28th.—The troop arrived from Cuxipó about mid-day. We have a tremendous stock of books, and are eager for the fray, which will begin to-morrow.

**WE  
COMMENCE  
OPERATIONS.**

August 29th.—At last! We commenced our canvass about nine o'clock, and worked till dusk, each taking an allotted district or street. We found the people remarkably well disposed, and though our first day's work was in a poor part of the town, near the river front, our sales were remarkable, viz.: twenty-two Bibles and thirty-nine Testaments, value £4. Met. with no opposition at all, though a few were suspicious and frightened, so we were very encouraged and gladdened with our first day's work.

**WONDERFUL  
RESULTS.**

August 30th.—Continued our work in another extremity of the city, in a poor district. The weather was very hot and trying, with such heavy bags of books, yet without any real difficulty we disposed of no less than four Bibles and forty-three Testaments, besides scattering tracts and Gospels freely, and preaching the Gospel in many houses.

**ANGRY  
PRIESTS.**

August 31st.—Passed a quiet Sunday in our new quarters. But the priests are stirred up like a hornets' nest, and are busy trying to undo our work. The Bishop has published a special pastoral against us and our books, but nobody seems one penny the worse, though it is bound to raise up some little opposition for the next few days.

**THE  
PROFESSOR  
OF BOTANY.**

George and I visited a Swedish Professor of Botany, sent there upon some work of exploration. He seemed a clever fellow, showed us the drawings of several new plants he had discovered, and talked heaps of botany; but when we ventured to speak of salvation immediately his whole demeanour changed, and though our remark was a very quiet and reasonable one, he bundled us out of his house without ceremony, slamming the door behind us. Much botany has made him mad, poor man! for he thinks more

## THE BIBLE IN THE MOST CENTRAL CITY.

of his little dead microscopic specimens than of the great, all-wise and loving Creator Himself.

September 1st.—To-day we tackled the centre of the city, among the merchants and richer classes, among whom I found much unbelief, indifference and spiritualism. But in spite of this and some uncivil treatment on the part of one or two, the book sales were excellent, amounting to eight Bibles and forty-three Testaments.

**GOOD  
SALES.**

During the day George and Diniz visited the large military hospital, and made a free distribution of Gospels among the sick soldiers and sentries.

September 2nd.—Had a very good day's work in the centre of the city, with plenty of opportunities to testify and speak of the Word of God, notwithstanding the efforts of the priests to hinder us. Our sales to-day were eleven Bibles and forty-five Testaments.

That evening we held our first open-air meeting in the city. It was in a little narrow street near the river port, and we had quite a large and attentive meeting, in spite of the heat. No interruption whatever, although there was very plain speaking on our part.

**FIRST  
OPEN-AIR  
MEETING.**

September 3rd.—Good work continues, and, street by street, house by house, the city is gradually being canvassed, and evangelized at the same time. Some receive us gladly, but generally some tact and persuasion are first necessary to gain one's end.

Good sales to-day, and an excellent meeting in the Mandioca end of the town. A big Turk tried to interrupt us, and was very angry, but God gave us the victory.

September 4th.—The sales continue to be up to the average, thank God! We are wonderfully blessed, and amazed at the remarkable results. Our open-air meeting to-day was held near the Bishop's Palace. There were very few people present, but deep interest was betrayed by several. At all the meetings we make free distributions of Gospels and Drummond tracts.

MEETING IN  
CATHEDRAL  
YARD.

September 5th.—Sales to-day were twelve Bibles and thirty-two Testaments. In the evening we held a meeting in the Largo de Matriz, an important open square opposite to the Cathedral, and some fifty or sixty people gathered around, evidently astonished at so unprecedented a method. Many scoffed, while others were attracted. We were told that after this meeting the priests came out of the Cathedral and sprinkled holy water about the spot, to drive away “the evil and contaminating influence” of our presence.

To-day I called on the President of the State, and presented him with a Bible on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He received me very courteously, and made some enquiries about our journey; indeed, everybody seems astonished at the undertaking.

THE VICAR  
OF  
CUYABÁ.

Afterwards I visited one of the leading representatives of the Catholic priesthood, an old, kindly-looking man of eighty-two. After a long talk on different topics, beating around the bush—for he was evidently nervous and suspicious—he showed me his library, which included a translation of Milton’s “Paradise Lost.” Then I offered him a New Testament, and on his hesitating to touch it, I went to some trouble to prove that it was the same Testament that the Pope himself used (or should use), being a translation of the Vulgate. He then said he could not read the Testament after officiating for so many years as a Catholic priest, and he was too old to change his religion. “What would people say,” he asked, pathetically, “if I were to do so.” I gave him my testimony, and he listened attentively. Finally he accepted a big type New Testament from me, and on parting he wished me well, and prayed that God would bless our work and prosper us. An extraordinary interview. Poor old man! He is a Canon of the Church of Rome, but in a happier condition than the Protestant Swedish professor with his dried leaves, and equally dry heart.



## THE BIBLE IN THE MOST CENTRAL CITY.

I also visited the Barracks to-day, and sold quite a number of books to the soldiers and some prisoners there.

September 6th.—We practically concluded our canvass to-day, finishing up a few remaining corners and suburbs, and of all that three great boxes of Scriptures we have only six Bibles and six Testaments and some Gospels left. Diniz visited the State Prison and distributed some Gospels among the convicts. We sold the remainder of our books in Cuxipó, where we found more purchasers than we had books to supply. And thus, in eight days we so aroused the apathetic people of Cuyabá that we sold ninety Bibles, three hundred and fifteen Testaments, and seventy Gospels, besides making a free distribution of a few Testaments, and over six hundred Gospels, or about one thousand one hundred copies in all.

**CONCLU-  
SION OF  
CANVASS.**

We passed a quiet, refreshing Sunday at Senhor Juca's on the cool banks of the River Cuxipó, and in the waters thereof, and in the evening held a little meeting in the farmer's house, where we spent the night.

September 8th.—Walked back to Cuyabá, and shortly after our arrival a young Brazilian called on us. He had heard the Gospel preached in the North of Brazil some years ago, and was a believer. He pressed us to go out to his farm, a few miles down the Cuyabá River, and hold a meeting among his family and neighbours. So at five o'clock we met him at the port, and boarding his barge were poled down the river, George and I swimming part of the way.

**INVITATION  
TO PREACH.**

Arriving at our destination, a little shanty built on the river bank, we held our meeting without delay, and had an excellent time with some sixty odd hearers inside and out, the people coming from different farms on both banks of the river. All paid most marked and impressive attention, some expressing their appreciation afterwards.

I was led to speak out strongly against the rum traffic, which is very considerable in these parts, and many were hit. We spent

the night there, but the folk were so interested that we did not retire to our hammocks before twelve o'clock. Everybody uses hammocks in Matto Grosso, and beds are very rarely seen. They pay as much as six pounds and more for a good hand-made article.

**A TERRIBLE  
FISH.**

There is a large shallow lake here, swarming with every kind of fish—dourados, pintados, barbados, jahú, pacú, pirapctinga, piranha, trahira, lambary, and other kinds. The people wade in and catch them with their hands, or with a long sharp knife, but woe to them if they step on a piranha, for with one snap away goes a big picce of your foot or calf.

Just now there are about twenty people in this district suffering with piranha bites. When encountered in numbers they can tear the flesh off one's bones in less time than it takes to tell the story. A little while ago, a man falling accidentally into the river and striking his head, made the blood flow. This was quite enough to attract a swarm of piranha, who pulled him to pieces before he could be rescued. This does not prevent George and me from taking a bath there nearly every day, though it is not so very nice owing to the fishy smell of the water. Certainly I never saw so many fish, and the inhabitants live principally on this food. It is sold at less than a halfpenny a pound. The jahú, which is fairly common here, is a huge, black, shark-like fish, from 6 to 9 feet in length.

**UNHEALTHY  
QUARTERS.**

We are now only waiting the arrival of the small steam packet to descend the river to Corumbá. Have sold all our animals for over £100, which is very satisfactory considering the state of trade. Under better conditions we might perhaps have sold them for nearly twice that amount.

Am anxious to get away, as the quarters we are living in are extremely unhealthy and unpleasant, owing to the filthy state of the yard. While the present conditions continue, Cuyabá is unfit for Europeans, and it is only a question of time before the city is visited by some terrible plague.

## THE BIBLE IN THE MOST CENTRAL CITY.

September 9th to 14th.—We have passed this time in our “black hole,” and have had several vain hopes of getting away, but the steam packet is delayed by Government orders. The heat is most oppressive, and if we stay much longer in these quarters we shall be ill. Meanwhile, we have just held another good open-air meeting at the port, in the main street, some eighty odd people taking part. Then I visited the Naval School and had a good talk with the friendly Captain, who called all the sailor apprentices to his quarters, and made them file past me slowly, one by one saluting as they passed, and each receiving from me a Gospel of St. John.

THE  
NAVAL  
SCHOOL.

September 14th.—We were beginning to feel very sick and bilious, owing to the bad air, when we were suddenly rejoiced by the news that the steam packet leaves to-morrow, Monday, September 15th, and at once all felt well and enthusiastic at the prospect of our departure, and because of the new kind of experience awaiting us after our four months in the saddle.





## CHAPTER VIII.



### Down the Paraguay River.

SEPTEMBER 15th.—We embarked on board the tiny steam packet “Rio Verde” at five o'clock this afternoon, and expect to leave early to-morrow.

**BORORÓ  
INDIANS.**

Before we left Cuyabá a band of Bororó Indians visited that city, as they do periodically to barter their bows and arrows in exchange for blankets, hatchets and knives. A small American axe has a great fascinating power with the Indians, and they will do anything to possess one. They store them up, and count their wealth according to the number of hatchets they possess.



A GROUP OF REDSKINS.

There were about twenty in this band that we saw, all perfectly naked and unashamed, their only kind of dress or ornament consisting of a tuft of bright macaw feathers on their heads, and a curious mother-of-pearl ornament piercing their lower lip. They speak an unknown language, though their leader knew a few words of Portuguese. Of splendid physique, tall, upright and robust, with skin of a reddish, shiny bronze colour, and with long black hair, they are a most

## DOWN THE PARAGUAY RIVER.

striking and interesting people of great possibilities. I managed to barter a bright red blanket (their favourite colour) for a set of their bows and arrows. They would not accept money, not understanding its use or value.

September 16th.—After a good night on board we left early this morning with about thirty first-class passengers, and eight or ten in the second class. There are only four cabins, which are reserved for the ladies, the rest of us sleeping and dining on the open deck with a canvas awning above us.

The river at Cuyabá is broad, and in the rainy season there are from fifteen to twenty feet of water, though at present the depth hardly averages four, and here and there the boat struck a sand-bank. Then all the passengers had to pass on to a lighter lashed to the side of the steamer, or go ashore, until after much manœuvring and twisting she could be freed again; but this sometimes takes a few hours, and meanwhile everybody grows impatient and hungry. Sometimes the boat is pulled over these shallows by means of block-tackle attached to some stout tree on the river bank. The scenery from the boat is very pretty and interesting, as some distance down from the Capital the high banks are dotted with small houses and plantations, chiefly of sugar cane and tobacco.

THE RIVER  
CUYABÁ.

The food on board is sumptuous to us after our hard fare of late, and is really good and varied.

Though at night time speed is reduced, the only stop is made about once a day to take on a supply of wood for the steamer's fuel. They made us up some comfortable beds on the deck seats and tables, and we slept soundly. The other passengers were astonished when we knelt down to pray, and one poor old gentleman thought George was ill. They say we are (muito religioso) "very religious," adding: "It is more than we do who call ourselves 'Catholic Apostolic.'" "

THE  
PASSENGERS  
ARE  
PUZZLED.

September 17th.—The steamer travelled all night, but made little headway owing to the number of sand-banks.

PRIEST  
AND  
SPIRITUAL-  
IST.

There are two priests on board; one is not a bad-looking fellow, but his companion is a yellow, dull, foolish-looking boy of about eighteen. They have very hard work to find recruits for the Roman Church now-a-days, quite the reverse to what it used to be a few years ago.

There is also an old army captain, a bad, vicious-looking man, who says he is a Spiritualist. He and the good-looking priest are great friends, apparently, and always talking religion, though I notice that the priest is generally on the defensive. The other passengers consist of several farmers, two telegraphic engineers with their families, going to Cuxim, one or two political gentlemen, and a German brewery agent. About the only industry that Germans excel in, in Brazil, is that of brewing, to their discredit and the nation's cost.

RIVER  
SCENERY.

The scenery to-day was grand. Magnificent forests fringed the banks, the river being so narrow as to enable us to appreciate their details and distinguish their inhabitants. Sometimes the acquaintance would be too close, for where the channel swerves close under the banks, or where the boat swings round one of those sharp, abrupt curves which are so numerous, the overhanging branches would sweep the side of the ship. Then there is a crashing, scratching, snapping and banging until we are through, great branches, bamboos and flowering trees projecting themselves right into the packet and sweeping all before them. Everybody "scoots," and anxious mothers glance around for their children. Now and then we have to stop, after one of these little incidents, and lower a boat to collect a few tables, boxes, oars and some firewood that had been swept overboard.

No words of mine can do justice to the beauty and the interest of this river journey through these forests of many-coloured foliage. The wonderful variety of colour in its swarms of birds—some of them resting on the large islands of Camelote weed that go floating down the river—the curious diving birds, the long-legged, pink-coloured cranes, and clouds of wild duck; the ugly

## DOWN THE PARAGUAY RIVER.

capivaras (a huge wild pig) seen here and there, as they leave the dense forest for the water's edge; the alligators, almost every few yards, black and yellow, stretched motionless on the sandy banks; the beautiful fresh air, the early sunlight glinting through the two walls of trees which seem to hedge us in, and the lovely colours of the tropical sunset, all helped to make this the most interesting and enjoyable experience I have ever had.

A  
DELIGHTFUL  
EXPERIENCE.

To-day we received several tributaries, and our river is consequently much deeper, and about as wide as the Thames at London Bridge. But the water is not good here, and drinking freely I had to suffer for it that night.

September 18th.—I arose feeling much better, but by no means hearty. I shall avoid the water for a few days. The grand scenery still continues, and the air is very agreeable and balmy, owing chiefly to the speed of the packet, which is now making good time day and night. There are not many mosquitoes to speak of, though with the first rains they will appear in great numbers.

We saw a huge black and yellow snake swim across the river just in front of our boat, and glide up on the opposite bank. The alligators are increasing in numbers. They generally sit motionless, sleeping with their uninviting mouths wide open, showing their ugly teeth and raw, red throats and wicked yellow eyes. Sometimes we pass within a few yards of them without disturbing their dreams, but now and again they get nervous and plump into the river and out of sight. Here and there the river becomes so narrow that with some of the extraordinary curves there is barely room for the swing of the packet, and it becomes quite exciting, though occasionally we get a disagreeable shock through striking a submerged log, or something of the kind.

ALLIGA-  
TORS.

September 19th.—During the night we entered the main stream of the São Laurenco, and the river is now very broad and deep. Flocks of black ducks circle around us, and many coloured fowl of all descriptions. To-day we sighted the Serra Dourado

BOLIVIAN  
FRONTIER

(Golden Mountain) which forms the frontier between Brazil and Bolivia, a fine and imposing sight like an impassable mountain wall. By mid-day we entered the River Paraguay, a fine broad expanse of clear water which contrasted strongly with the turbid water of the São Laurenco.

THE RIVER  
PARAGUAY.

I have had several opportunities of speaking to some of the passengers about the Gospel, and one young man, an engineer of good education, listened very attentively and quietly.

I asked the ship's captain to permit me to hold a Gospel meeting on board that night, but he refused on the ground that he had already refused the priests permission to celebrate Mass on board, otherwise he was quite favourable and friendly.

THE RIVER  
PORT OF  
CORUMBÁ.

September 20th.—The river now is nearly a mile wide, with a tremendous volume and current of water, so that quite large vessels can navigate freely as far as Corumbá and a little above. We are now within a few miles of the Bolivian frontier, and the city and port of Corumbá is already in sight, perched up on some very high banks. The forests have disappeared, and in their place is seen broad sweeps of flat, unhealthy-looking swamps, mostly covered with a low, impenetrable undergrowth.

From the boat the city looks rather small and insignificant, though there are a few big, stone warehouses on the river front, and a large, white church tower appears a little higher up. The remainder of the buildings are limewashed houses of one floor and of every hue, green, red, blue, and yellow and white, the latter predominating. It is said to have a population of eight thousand, and is the second city of Matto Grosso.

Just now there is a bubonic pest scare on, and reports say that there are five or six deaths daily. One happy result, however, is that the city is in a much more sanitary and wholesome state than reputation gives it.

On landing, I left my companions with our belongings while I hunted around for rooms, or to obtain permission to put our tent up, in or near the town. The first were unprocurable, nor did I

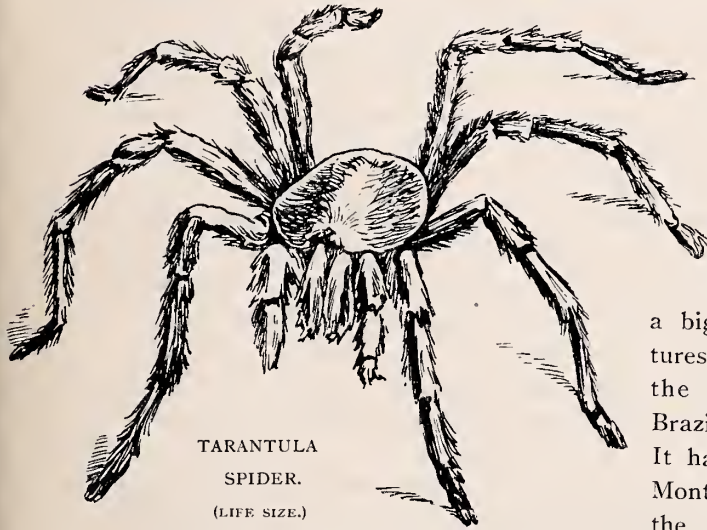


## DOWN THE PARAGUAY RIVER.

obtain the second, for the people were rather suspicious about tents; indeed, anything out of the ordinary just now is somehow or other connected with the "bubonic pest."

But eventually God blessed my efforts, and I obtained permission to erect our tent and reside in the private yard of one Frederick, a tanner, who afterwards placed an old, but fairly waterproof shed at our disposal, and all in a very good-natured way.

As soon as we were settled in our new quarters, among miscellaneous piles of skins and hides of every quality—and smell



TARANTULA  
SPIDER.  
(LIFE SIZE.)

—George and I took a stroll through the town, and examined the massive ancient fortifications which command the river. I found a big box of Scriptures awaiting me in the house of a Brazilian merchant. It had been sent via Monte Video from the Bible Society's

Agency in Rio de Janeiro, taking some five weeks in transit.

Then we went home to bed, but *not* to rest. Oh, no! The mosquitoes were terrible!!! The worst I ever experienced, and in a little while we were suffering torments with the inflammation produced by their bites. Nothing availed against them, they bite right through one's clothes, blankets and all, or up through the hammocks. If you try to balance the bed covers on your head and toes, or even on one point of your body only, in a few minutes

FREDERICO  
THE  
TANNER.

TORMENT!!

they discover that point and concentrate their attention thereon. It is simply awful. I would sooner face lions and tigers any day than these mosquitoes of the Upper Paraguay. The Tarantula spider is an innocent creature in comparison. The great heat, of course, only aggravated matters, and at last I could endure it no longer, so arose and strolled around the city and fortifications, lying down here and there to try and get a nap, but in vain, there was no escaping this torment. Finally I returned to our shed in the early morning, and managed to steal about half an hour's rest. This is my first experience of Corumbá! Not very inspiring, but we must take the bitter with the sweet.

September 21st.—Being Sunday, we passed the day in our camp. Had a refreshing bathe in the Paraguay, which flows just a few yards from our dwelling, but I felt weary and upset, and turning in early I slept well, as owing to a shower of rain it was much cooler and no mosquitoes appeared.

**WORK IN  
CORUMBÁ.**

September 22nd.—Started our canvass of Corumbá to-day, and after about six hours work I found we had sold no less than twenty-one Bibles and forty-four New Testaments, over £4 worth, and that without any difficulty or ill-feeling whatever. No wonder the mosquitoes troubled us!

There is very little real religious sentiment of any kind here; there are many freemasons and freethinkers, and the priests have few friends.

I find that there is a weekly newspaper published, though the news is scanty, but there will soon be telegraphic communication between here, Cuyabá, and Rio.

There are heaps of Consular Agencies—English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Paraguayan, Bolivian, Belgian, Argentine, Uruguayan, &c. The English Consul, a Mr. Cooper, seems to be our only countryman in the place.

**THE  
BIBLE WELL  
RECEIVED.**

September 23rd.—Continued our work, and in spite of the rain we had another excellent day, and have very few books left. There are more purchasers than we have books to supply, but

## DOWN THE PARAGUAY RIVER.

the greater part of the city has now been systematically visited. Frederick's tannery depôt—our residence—is full of skins of every kind: deer, wild cat, crocodile, wild pig, ant-eater, tiger, armadillo, lizard, boa constrictor, and others. He is a nice fellow and very fond of animals, even pigs, and has a very playful and amusing mule. The mosquitoes are biting my hands, so that I cannot make any more entries to-day.

September 24th.—We finished up our books to-day, and I find that during this month alone we have sold over £20 worth of Scriptures. The weather is a trifle cooler, and there are fewer mosquitoes.

September 25th.—George and I hired a canoc, and went down the Paraguay to the Brazilian river naval station of Ladario, four miles below Corumbá. We visited the Naval Arsenal, and met a son-in-law of our old captain friend of Sangrador. Obtaining permission, we canvassed the large Arsenal with some Gospels we have in hand yet, and a few Spanish books, selling some twenty-five copies, in addition to thirteen which we had sold in the large village just outside the works.

**THE NAVAL  
ARSENAL.**

I might add, with reference to the Arsenal, that it seems fairly well equipped and contains a large machine shop and construction house, some large stores and administration buildings, and a hospital; and there are some small slips for repairs and construction. It is well fortified with old muzzle loaders; there are three small unarmoured cruisers at anchor, for river service, and a torpedo boat in repair. We paddled out to one of the cruisers, and had some difficulty in getting alongside, owing to the strength of the current, our efforts causing great interest among the sailors on board. We sold no books, however, as they were several months behind in their wages and had no money.

Returning home in our dug-out, we had to face the strong current, and found it very hard work, and in some places we could barely make headway.

It was already dark when we finally reached our barn.

September 26th.—As it rained hard nearly all day, we spent our time in reading and writing. A small steam packet arrived from Asuncion to-day, but I fear that we shall have to lie over some days before we can get away, as steamers are afraid of the reports of the plague being here, and Corumbá is almost cut off from the outside world. Even Pedro Blanca, the small neighbouring Bolivian river port eight miles away, is shut to Brazilian boats.

We visited a small café to-day, kept by an old veteran of the great Paraguayan War. Short of stature, he was strongly built, muscular and wiry, and quite a character in his way. With his deep, bluff voice, and with a curious swing of his body and arms, "he fought his battles o'er again," and illustrated the glories of his "homens valentes" (valiant men), the Brazilian Generals Ozorio and Conde D'Eu.

MOSQUI-  
TOES  
AGAIN.

September 27th.—Had another bad dose of mosquitoes again, and towards evening things became lively. Do all that we could, nothing would avail to protect us from their peculiarly venomous bites, and it is impossible to be indifferent to them, as one can be with other kinds of mosquitoes.

At night rest was out of the question; it was only how to escape these pests, and the whole night was occupied in walking up and down in front of our barn, or climbing cliffs, and lying down anywhere where there seemed some chance of peace. But there was *no* peace! Only between four and five in the morning I got a few minutes snooze on the steps of the Catholic Church. A night of horrors!

It is well to note that mosquitoes are partial to certain colours, especially blue; the most convenient clothing in this respect being of a yellow or khaki colour.

September 28th.—A very wet day; plenty of mosquitoes, however. Feel very dull and dizzy as a result of last night's experiences. Oh, that the boat would come!

September 30th.—George and I hired a canoe, a dug-out, and

## DOWN THE PARAGUAY RIVER.

navigated up the River Bahia which passes a small Bolivian port a few miles further up. A fine broad stream with little current, and, at a certain place, lined with some fine specimens of the Victoria Regina lily, some being in blossom. The leaves are extraordinary, being like huge trays, and owing to their curious cellular construction they are so buoyant as to be able to support the weight of a small child. After paddling some distance, we ran our canoe ashore in a favourable place and spent some hours in reading and writing, away from the mosquitoes; and we had a fine swim, in spite of a large black crocodile who eyed us from the opposite bank. After swimming around for some time we made a very hurried exit on discovering that Mr. Crocodile was evidently engaged in the same occupation, for he had disappeared from the opposite bank. The water here is of a black colour, and marvellously transparent, the bottom of the river being quite visible.

CANOE  
TRIP.

In the evening we held a little meeting in Frederick the tanner's house, and he seemed deeply interested.

October 1st.—A memorable day, in that Frederick made a declaration of repentance and faith in the Gospel. He has also given up drink and tobacco, and studies his Bible with great interest.

October 2nd.—Frederick testified to some of his city friends to-day, and naturally surprised them, as he has been a very heavy drinker. We held our first open-air meeting here this evening in a poor district of the town. Diniz preached and I followed, and the attention of the fifty odd people present was splendid.

OPEN-AIR  
MEETINGS.

Afterwards we held another meeting in Frederick's house, some of the neighbours attending, and we had a good time.

October 3rd.—Held another open-air meeting in the north side of Corumbá, with a good attendance and profitable time, in spite of two drunkards present who tried to make some disturbance.

To keep ourselves in health we do little jobs for Frederick,

wheeling earth, sawing logs, changing hides, or cutting snake skins to make up into slippers.

Fish is very plentiful and cheap here. I bought a large fish resembling a salmon, all cleaned and ready for the pot, for eightpence.

The so-called "peste bubonico" has disappeared from here, yet not a single steamer has come up the river for these two weeks.

October 4th.—Passed a quiet day; did some barrow work and read awhile. In the evening we sallied out and held a street-corner meeting in the centre of the city. I had good freedom and voice, and excellent attention from the handful of people around.

We were threatened with a bad night from mosquitoes, but by burning a little of a certain powder called Pó de Persia, and rather resembling Keatings, we were entirely free all night and slept well in spite of a gambá (a nocturnal fox) strolling round and making some disturbance.

October 5th.—About four o'clock this afternoon we held another open-air meeting in the centre of the place. Diniz preached and then I spoke, but was obliged to desist because the devil sent two drunkards to interrupt us. However, our meeting was not altogether lost, and the devil did not score, as we held a second meeting in another street, and had quiet attention from about fifty people, about thirty-five having been present at the first.

At all these meetings during the week we had invited everybody to an indoor meeting at Senhor Frederick's on Sunday night. We arranged things beforehand, and with the aid of a few boxes, sacks and blankets we soon had our meeting hall ready, with good seating arrangements for thirty or more. When the hour came, there only turned up about eight people, but the mosquitoes were there in force. However, we held the meeting, though I could hardly collect my thoughts for the buzz and the bite of these terrible foes, and two of the men present were tipsy. I spoke briefly and to the point, and opened the meeting for testimonies. Brother Frederick was the first to rise, and he gave

BITTER  
AND  
SWEET.

## DOWN THE PARAGUAY RIVER.

a simple but effective testimony of what God had done for him. It was grand, and worth all the voyage to us. He is very happy and loads us down with favours and gifts.

October 6th.—Hot and mosquitory, and no sign of the boat yet. The priests are getting stirred up because of our meetings, and preached against us yesterday from their pulpits, yet so great is the goodwill of the majority towards us, that they contented themselves with declaring us to be “a mixture of good and evil,” and warning the people to beware of our society. The remainder of the week passed uneventfully till Sunday, when, embarking in a canoe, we paddled up to Ladario again, and held a good open-air meeting in the centre of the village. The people were very shy at first, but as we continued to sing, quite a good number gathered round, and we had an excellent meeting, at the close of which we sold twenty-three large Gospels. We never give, except on very special occasions and circumstances, as the fact of their purchasing a Gospel, though it only costs a penny, is an incentive to them to examine the book in order to get their money's worth. St. Luke is the best and most acceptable book, owing to the simplicity of its narration, and its parables.

GOSPELS.

Returning home we had great difficulty in overcoming the current, and after a hard pull arrived home in the dark.

We held another meeting in Frederick's house, some nine men and three women attending. Diniz preached with great blessing.

October 13th.—A boat has arrived. Hurrah! And they say it will leave for Asuncion on Wednesday, so we are busy packing our belongings and curios for the last stage of our journey. The weather is cool and nice now, and, strange to say, there are no mosquitoes.

October 14th.—Bought our passages to-day, and we are all happy at the prospect of getting home again, for our work practically terminates here. On taking count I find that we have circulated throughout the country 2,881 copies of the Scriptures, and have held twenty-eight open-air and forty-seven indoor meetings since we set out six months ago.

SUMMARY  
OF WORK  
ACCOM-  
PLISHED.



## CHAPTER IX.



### Back Home Again.

THE LAST  
STAGE.

OCTOBER 15th.—We embarked at ten o'clock this morning on the river steamer "Urano," bound for Asuncion, Capital of the Paraguayan Republic. After considerable delay, owing to an elaborate disinfection of the boat, and also to certain red-tape exigencies of the Government, we finally weighed anchor about 4-30 that afternoon, and bade farewell to Corumbá—and its mosquitoes.

The "Urano" is a fine boat of about 1,500 tons, with twin screw, triple expansion engines. She was evidently built in England, and her engines made by a London firm (Shanks). She carries a cargo of hides and rubber. The food in the steerage is very good and clean, and the bunks are much better than we had hoped for. So that, taking all things into consideration, travelling steerage on these boats is not a great hardship, such as it is on certain British vessels I know. This boat is one of a large fleet of steamers owned by an Argentine syndicate called "The Mihanovitch Company," founded by an Austrian of that name. They practically monopolise the carrying and passenger trade of the Paraguay, Uruguay and Paraná rivers.

There are only about eight steerage passengers, including ourselves, and some fifteen in the first-class.

As we proceed, the river widens considerably, and at places it must be about a mile wide. The country is very flat and generally well wooded on the river banks. On the Brazilian side of the Paraguay are thousands of square miles of the finest open grazing



## BACK HOME AGAIN.

lands, but up to eighty miles or more along the river banks it is uninhabitable, owing to the swamps, and is infested by the terrible jaguar and other wild animals.

October 16th.—Got up about three o'clock to catch a dim, moonlight glimpse of the famous Brazilian fort Coimbra, whose huge and ghostly outline I could faintly discern.

A little beyond Coimbra, on the right, or west, bank, we sight the first land of the Paraguayan Republic, and soon after we passed the small Paraguayan fortress of Pacheco. We only dropped a few mail bags, as they would not permit us to stop for fear of the bubonic.

A few hours' steaming brought us to Fort Olympo, a little white fortress with the Paraguayan flag flying, perched on a small hill commanding the river, with a tiny log-hut village of some forty or fifty houses at its feet. An interesting-looking spot.

PARAGUAYAN  
FORT.

After leaving Olympo, a very heavy storm of wind and rain was encountered, the waves washing the main deck and compelling us to sleep with our port holes closed.

October 17th.—Awoke off Port Murtinho on the left bank, the last Brazilian port, the Paraguayan frontier on that side of the river being just beyond. It is a decent, well-built little village of some fifty houses, several being superior buildings of rather an official type. We have to take on 2,300 sacks of Maté here, so expect a long stop.

Maté is a kind of tea leaf, very much used by the people of Paraguay, the Argentine and Southern Brazil, and the frequent use of it creates such a craving that they cannot do without it, and become Maté slaves. It is infused just like ordinary tea, but taken very hot and without sugar or milk.

MATÉ  
TEA.

I discovered the taste of it as follows:—Nearly all the members of our crew are Paraguayan, and I had noticed that at certain times during the day, they and some of the passengers would form a circle near the cook's galley, while one of them had a fairly

MY FIRST  
TASTE.

large calabash with a tube projecting from it. When all was ready, out came the cook with a pot of boiling water, filling the calabash, which was about a fourth filled with maté leaf powder. Then they start passing it round, and round again, each member of the social circle taking a pull in turn until all are satisfied. They seemed to enjoy it so well that one day I felt constrained to join the circle myself, and took my place with the air of an old stager, as though I had been accustomed to the sort of thing all my life. I watched carefully how they did it, and at last the bowl came round to me, and I took a pull. Whew!! It was nearly boiling hot, and there was a scene, and if I must describe the taste I should say that it resembles hot ditch water, or boiled duster extract, and yet the value of this little instalment we are shipping exceeds £5,000.

October 18th.—We finished loading maté, and left by eight this morning, and, soon passing the frontier, we entered Paraguayan territory on both banks of the river, the boundary on the east side of the river being formed by the small river Apa, with a small Brazilian settlement at its mouth.

**SIGNS OF  
PROSPERITY**

Things are now improving in many ways, the river is prettier, and the country has an air of health and prosperity. Lime-kilns appear here and there, and then the factories, belonging to wood extract companies and meat preserving concerns, some of them being very fine and elegant buildings, with electric light, while some of the companies own their own steamers.

The river is gradually widening, though it varies very much owing to a frequent splitting up into arms, which are united again lower down. Large long-necked birds and black ducks are very numerous.

**S. AMERICAN  
MISSIONARY  
SOCIETY'S  
WORK.**

October 19th.—At daybreak we dropped anchor off Concepcion, a fine-looking little city of about eight to ten thousand inhabitants. It looks clean and prosperous, and I noticed a good many decent buildings, including several elegant private dwellings. A few miles from here, on the other side of the Paraguay, the South

## BACK HOME. AGAIN.

American Missionary Society are carrying on a work among the Lengua Indians.

Owing to our bad bill of health we were not allowed to remain long, but were off by seven o'clock on our way to Asuncion, the Capital of the Republic, which we hope to reach to-night or to-morrow morning.

The river banks here are high, and the country is a mixture of pasture land, forest, and palm trees, tall and slender. Little cottages peep out here and there, and their owners greet our steamer as we pass. We continued until within two hours of the city, and then dropped anchor in the middle of a wide part of the river, to spend the night there, and escape the mosquitoes. The sunset on the river passes description in grandeur of effect and colouring.

October 20th.—Weighing anchor early, we were soon within sight of the Capital of Paraguay, and anchoring at a respectful distance we awaited permission to draw up close to the city. Asuncion has a fine aspect from the river, fronted by the magnificent palace of the Lopes, and sloping away up a hillside, which is crested by a huge, unfinished cathedral. The houses are mostly plaster and stucco, and red seems to be the favourite colour. Here and there some fine large buildings are seen of more modern construction. It has a population of over 30,000.

THE  
CAPITAL  
OF  
PARAGUAY.

We were soon visited by the port officials and the doctor, who gave us no definite reply as to the quarantine, and left us lying there all day without communications. Meanwhile I made a little sketch of the town. Our artistic efforts are immensely appreciated by admiring crowds, who stand at our elbows and pass flattering criticisms. George and I have been obliged to make some four or five sketches of the boat for the captain, steward and other officials. After a while some ugly rumours began to fly around, and gloomy surmisings. Some prophesied five days' quarantine, while others related stories of ships incurring twenty days!! The engineer had put his fires out, and we were all resigned to our

SUSPENSE.

fate for at least another day, when suddenly a splash of oars startled the ship, and there was a general rush to hear the welcome news that we were free and could approach the city. The engineer soon had steam up again, and we drew in and anchored close by the city front.

We slept on board that night, it being too late to go ashore.

October 21st.—After some delay with our luggage, we landed on the Custom House quay. The river front, with the exception of the palace, is rather poor and squalid looking.

**THE SIGHTS  
OF  
ASUNCION.**

We soon started off to see the sights, visiting the palace, a very fine building but needing renovation, at least exteriorly. We mounted the fine marble staircase, but were soon ordered down by the sentry on guard. Then we visited the Post Office, a quaint, interesting old building of one floor, painted red, with angular plaster columns all around supporting a covered footway. I purchased some stamps here, the lowest value being less than a twentieth part of a penny. When you require a one centavo stamp they cut a two centavo stamp in two and give you one half. They have a bank note in circulation, by the way, whose face value is worth less than a farthing.

Close by the Post Office there are large, rose-coloured barracks of one floor, with shrubs planted between the red columns which support the covered way round the building. Outside there is a very green little common sloping down to the river, with some ostriches stalking about as gravely and tenderly as only they know how. There are other large birds also, all quite tame, and in the open. The whole effect is very novel and picturesque.

The Paraguayan army is a small one, only numbering about fifteen hundred officers and men. The privates are all barefooted, but their uniforms are neat and interesting, and the men are of a finer type than the Brazilian army, with a smaller percentage of blacks. The city police are a superior body and wear boots.

**THE MARKET  
PLACE.**

One of the most interesting sights of Asuncion is the old market, a building of the same colour and design as the Post

## BACK HOME AGAIN.

Office, only much larger, with a huge courtyard in the centre. It is a busy place, outside and in, and all the business is carried on by women only—butchers, greengrocers, fruit-sellers, pancake fryers, haberdashers and other dealers, all women; the greater part being fruit and vegetable sellers. The place is thronged, and the customers are all women also, and the noise of their voices is a very agreeable and pleasant change to the customary roar of the male market. The only “merc man” I saw was a



OPEN AIR MARKET, ASUNCION.

poor ice-cream seller. The sound was quite musical and bird-like—and how they do talk! They generally squat on the ground behind their wares, and the female butchers, standing behind their counters, look lively and business-like.

Outside, the scene is hardly less animated, thousands of women in all colours and fashions, with bright handkerchiefs bound round their heads, ply their trade with more or less zeal.

Huge piles of splendid oranges, six or eight feet high, are seen here and there, selling at eight a penny, and the variety of vegetables is amazing.

Scattered about are hundreds of pretty little donkeys, each as like the other as possible. They are the means of transit and carriage, and are ridden by the women.

**THE  
LANGUAGE  
OF  
PARAGUAY.**

The general language of these people is not Spanish, as many would suppose, but Guarany, the Indian language of its original inhabitants. The Guarany race also once inhabited most of the east coast of Brazil. Only the official and better classes use the language of the conquerors, and as the Government prohibits any education except in the Spanish vernacular, the illiteracy and ignorance of the people is appalling.

**MORALITY  
AND  
RELIGION.**

Marriage is rarely resorted to by the poorer classes, and the moral state of the people in this respect is probably the worst in South America. At the end of the terrible Paraguayan War of 1870 there were very few men left, the country was almost depopulated, and its concerns were practically left to the women, who still predominate in numbers and influence. The Paraguayan woman holds quite a unique position, and the man takes a second seat. The women, though many are handsome and some very pretty, are of very mixed blood, and some are rather dissipated and vicious looking.

The nominal and official religion of the country is Romanism, though all beliefs are tolerated, but in some districts the Catholic priests are said to be so notoriously immoral and ignorant that they have little influence with the more intelligent class of the people. There is only one small American Methodist Gospel Mission in the Capital, which has a large and flourishing day school attached, but no serious attempt has been made to preach the Gospel to these people.

**THE  
PARAGUAYAN  
REPUBLIC.**

The Republic of Paraguay is as large as Great Britain, with a population of about 350,000 inhabitants, not including the Indians, yet beyond the little work done in the Capital there are only two

## BACK HOME AGAIN.

other missionaries (sent out lately by a Scotch Society) working among all these people.

Among the 130,000 Indians confined to a large swampy territory known as the Chaco, there is a semi-industrial mission carried on by the South American Missionary Society.

Paraguay is a land of great promise, and is styled the "Paradise of South America." Its excellent climate, wonderful fertility, the luxuriance of its vegetation, and the value of the splendid timber and ornamental woods with which its forests abound, attracted the attention of some of our countrymen a few years ago, who established the Utopian Socialistic Colony of Cosme, but it now appears to be in a very decadent and unpromising condition.

The Government of the country is very unstable, the laws are administered in so slack a fashion that thereby a premium is placed on crime of every description, especially that of murder, which is very common, and there are the usual stories of official corruption so common in South America.

There is an English railway in the Republic, connecting the Capital with the city of Villa Rica, about ten hours' journey, and we met several of our countrymen in the Company's station and workshops. We passed a comfortable night in a little restaurant, the charge being eighteenpence a day for board and lodging.

October 22nd.—Spent the best part of the day exploring Asuncion, which is the most interesting and original city I ever visited in South America. There are so many odd and strange-looking buildings, while others have a refreshing originality and are quite characteristic of the people. Here and there are a few modern buildings of stone, inlaid with marble, and worthy of a fine London thoroughfare, and there are many excellent shops.

At twelve o'clock every day the business of the city stops until two. Shutters are put up, and banks, shops and exchanges nearly all shut their doors. The streets are deserted, the trams stop running, and most of the good people of Asuncion enjoy a two hours' snooze.

**A MID-DAY  
SNOOZE.**

We visited the big cathedral, not yet completed, but which promises to be one of the finest and largest in South America. It is well placed on a high eminence overlooking the city and river, and is decidedly imposing in its size and proportions, and with that same strange air of originality about it, in keeping with the Capital. The country around this city is generally flat, with a few little lines of hills to break the monotony.

DOWN THE  
PARANÁ  
RIVER.

Late in the afternoon, we booked our passage to Buenos Aires by the magnificent river steamboat "Olympo," with excellent accommodation for first and third class passengers, and fitted up equal to a modern Atlantic liner, with every luxury and convenience. We travelled third, the food being quite good and plentiful enough for us, and the bunks are clean and airy.

After some delay, owing to our anchor chains crossing, we steamed away down the river by four o'clock, and soon lost sight of the Capital. An hour's run brought us to the first Argentine port on the right bank, and then passing the bars of the rivers Bermigo and Negro, we reached Humaitá about two o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. Diniz and I went ashore. This is quite an historical place, for in a broad part of the river close by, about forty years ago, was fought the famous naval battle of Riachelho by the gallant Brazilian Admiral Barroza, and it was here, about the same time, that the land battle of Humaitá, between the Brazilian and Paraguayan forces, practically decided the fate of the ambitious Paraguayan dictator Lopes, the Brazilians being victorious on both occasions. This war lasted several years, and almost wiped out the Paraguayan nation.

A TERRIBLE  
WAR.

Part of the notable fortifications of Humaitá are still visible on the river banks, and though some forty years have passed, traces of this terrible war are yet to be seen.

The huge ruin of the front of what was once a fine church attests to the vigour and power of the Brazilian artillery, and conical and round shots are still to be seen lying about. Diniz,



## BACK HOME AGAIN.

with a patriotic impulse, would have carried one off as a relic but for its inconvenient weight.

It is a pretty little village, of a few straight, broad and green carpeted streets, with a calm, peaceful air about it. Soon after leaving the place we passed the mouth of the River Paraná, where the water is said to be forty feet deep, and soon drew up alongside the iron jetty of Corrientes, Capital of the State of that name in the Argentine Republic. Corrientes is a large, but very dull and uninteresting city, very flat, and has few noteworthy buildings for such a place, but possesses an excellent market. We shipped a few tons of oranges here in bulk, some fifty women being employed in carrying the oranges in small baskets on their heads. They worked all night loading, and the scene was very weird and interesting.

AN  
ARGENTINE  
CITY.

October 24th.—We left Corrientes early, having received many additional passengers, including a group of Argentine soldiers. The river appears to be about two miles wide in places, but varies very much, large islands intervening, and the river splitting up into many streams. Calling at the pretty village of Bella Vista we shipped 500,000 more oranges for Buenos Aires.

October 25th.—A strong head wind is blowing furiously, raising great waves so that we are obliged to close our port holes. Passed some half-dozen little sailing ships spinning along before the breeze in full sail. The river banks here are very high, sometimes forming a high, long wall on either side about fifty feet high. It was dusk when we reached La Paz, and I could not see enough to describe that Capital.

October 26th.—The hurricane still continues, and the waves increase. We hear that the cyclone has devastated several small cities on the river banks, with a great loss of life. Early this morning we touched Paraná, Capital of the State of Entre Rios, but the storm was too great to enable us to see the city, which is built on some hills close to the river, and seems to be a fine populous place. At one o'clock we dropped anchor at Diamante,

A STORM.

but the waves were such that it was too difficult and dangerous for boats to approach, and the attempt was abandoned. The effects of the cyclone could be clearly seen on the banks, many houses and corrugated iron buildings being blown down, and roofs carried away. Five people were killed.

On raising anchor, the wind and current drove us on the shore, and we were only released with difficulty. The river here in places looks to be three or four miles wide, and there are innumerable islands.

**A BEAUTIFUL  
CITY.**

About 7-30 that night we sighted Rosario, all ablaze with illuminations, on the occasion of a presidential visit to lay the foundation stone of the new docks. The fleet of five warships, anchored amid-stream, were all decked out in coloured electric lights, and presented a fine appearance as we drew up in front of the city, which is the second largest of the Argentine Republic. We went ashore and walked up to the city, which almost slopes up from the banks of the river.

We found the chief thoroughfares and public buildings splendidly illuminated, especially the large square in front of the Government Palace. Throngs of handsomely dressed people promenaded the streets in their thousands, the general effect being brilliant, but my crumpled white cloth hat, and travel-worn, not over-white duck suit, without collar or tie, were hardly in keeping with the scene, and were causing general attention and mirth. I was more at home in the steamer.

I noticed that there are many very fine granite buildings, that the streets are well laid out, and that the general appearance is that of a first-class modern city, comparable with some of our best at home. The military police look a smart body, and nearly all the people I noticed were healthy-looking and robust. The chief articles of commerce here are grain, wool, cattle and dried meat. We left Rosario about eleven o'clock that night.

October 27th.—A lovely cool morning for our last day on the river. The country on either side for the last few days is

## BACK HOME AGAIN.

monotonously flat and bare, hundreds of miles of grazing land, the principal feature of this Republic. The river now is so wide that we can only see one bank, and by five o'clock that evening we reached Buenos Aires, Capital of the Argentine Republic. The large and splendid docks were full of shipping, most of them flying the British flag.

The city lies back from the docks about a quarter of a mile, with a long fringe of semi-swampy land, and a broad avenue intervening. After wandering around in search of quarters we settled in the Hotel Europa, where we were well served and housed at five shillings a day each. After dinner we took a walk through the centre of the city, and down the magnificent Avenida de Mayo. In many ways Buenos Aires is one of the finest cities in the world, in size and beauty, and the effect on a newcomer is most striking. The fine broad roads, splendid public buildings, banks and museums, and the elegant gardens and avenues, earn for this city its name of the "Paris of South America." They claim a population of nearly one million souls, among whom there is a very flourishing and wealthy colony of Britishers of ten thousand strong, with three daily papers of their own.

**BUENOS  
AIRES.**

**THE PARIS  
OF SOUTH  
AMERICA.**

Nothing seems to succeed that is not English, or does not bear some English connection, and the only French place I noticed could only make a living by styling itself "Anglo-Francais."

I called on the British and Foreign Bible Society's Agent, Mr. Pons, and was received very kindly, and the same evening Diniz and I attended a soldiers' meeting of the Salvation Army, which has a corps in the Argentine. We both addressed them in Portuguese, which they understood readily, and treated us with regular Salvation heartiness.

October 29th.—I find there is no boat for Rio yet, so we have another day or two to spend here. I visited the Young Men's Christian Association, which I found to be very comfortably fitted up, all its members being Englishmen. The Secretary, a Mr. Shuman, asked me to address their Bible Class on our

journey, which I did that night, but having to speak in English, I did so with great difficulty, and no liberty. But they professed great interest and want me to repeat it.

October 30th.—Unexpectedly I find there is a boat leaving mid-day to-day for Santos and Rio at a reasonable fare, and decide to sail, though it means cancelling an agreement I have made to address the mid-week meeting of the Methodist Church.

We sailed that evening for Brazil on the French s.s. "France."



HOW WE LOOKED AT THE JOURNEY'S END.

November 1st.—Awoke off Monte Video, the Capital of Uruguay, a fine large city from the sea, built on a conical-shaped hill and quite picturesque. We lay off all day taking on a cargo of wool and dried meat.

**HOME AGAIN.** November 2nd to 5th.—After a fairly agreeable voyage we entered the Brazilian port of Santos on Tuesday, November 5th. Here my two companions, George and Diniz, left me, going

## BACK HOME AGAIN.

directly to São Paulo by rail, two hours' journey, while I proceeded to Rio to present myself to the Agent. Arriving there on the 7th, I found he was away, not expecting our return, so catching the night train, by ten o'clock on Saturday, November 10th, I stepped out once more on São Paulo soil, grateful to God for having brought me safely back again, after a long adventurous journey of about five thousand miles through the Neglected Continent.





## CHAPTER X.



### The Sequel.

SIX months after our return from the long journey described in the previous pages, it was resolved to send a group of evangelists to visit some, or all, of the places where the seed had been sown, to find out the result of the sowing, and by means of an active Gospel campaign to attempt to bring many to a definite decision for Christ.

I left São Paulo in the spring of 1903 with two native Brazilian preachers and a colporteur, and was absent about a year and a half. Between us, we succeeded in visiting each one of the villages, towns and cities of Brazil already referred to, establishing mission stations in no less than five of them, having an aggregate of about one hundred and twenty converts, so far as they are known to us.



JUSTINO, A CONVERT IN CATALÃO, AND HIS FAMILY.  
ONCE ONE OF THE WORST CHARACTERS  
OF THE PLACE.

## THE SEQUEL.

The first city visited was Catalão, where without difficulty we obtained permission to preach in the Town Hall. The town was actively canvassed with tracts and invitations. Meetings were held every night, and occasional ones in the open-air. Interested people were looked up and waverers brought to decision, and before the end of one month twenty men and women had made public confession of repentance and faith in Jesus for the forgiveness of sins, and at the present time we have a small mission station there, with regular services and a congregation of about thirty-seven converts.



TWO AGED CONVERTS, 80 AND 82 YEARS

We then visited the next town, that of Entre Rios, with the same results. The town hall was filled every night with men and women who were deeply interested in our message, receiving it, indeed, as the Word of God. There are twenty-two converts in this little town now.

Then on to Santa Cruz, where the interest and appreciation were greater still.

We happened to arrive on the eve of a great Romish feast, for which elaborate preparations and fastings had been going on for ten days, and the next day there was to be a great celebration of Mass, with fireworks, music, &c.

We immediately started work with our tracts and printed invitations, and fixed our meeting for six o'clock that next afternoon. As soon as the priest heard of it, he altered the time for the celebration of Mass, so as to clash with our effort to obtain a hearing.

We were granted the use of the town hall for our meeting, and

before the hour mentioned the place was literally packed with men, but no women or children appearing, while a crowd of men were waiting outside unable to gain admission. The meeting was most impressive, and the serious attention of those men was a great inspiration. I preached, as usual, on repentance, in as plain and thorough a manner as I knew how, and showing Christ to be the Deliverer from sin, and the Way of everlasting life. The meeting lasted about an hour, including some three or four hymns sung in Portuguese. On closing the meeting, I found the crowd outside still remaining, though they had been unable to hear anything, and so we held a second meeting for their benefit also. Not a single man in Santa Cruz turned up at the Catholic Mass that night, only a crowd of women and children, and at the end of about six weeks we had a little congregation of thirty men and women converts—not to Protestantism, but from sin unto God, through Jesus Christ—one of the converts having been the worst drunkard in the town.

We have now a mission station in Santa Cruz of about eighty people, including the village postmaster, jailor, tax-collector, and public prosecutor, with a native worker, Senhor Ricardo, in charge. All the country round has heard the Good News.



A GROUP OF CONVERTS, SANTA CRUZ.

I remained in Santa Cruz about eight months, teaching the new converts and baptizing some thirty-five of them, and then leaving the little flock in charge of a native worker, two of us pushed on to the Capital of Goyaz, while two others visited the intervening



## THE SEQUEL.

cities, and then made the crossing to Cuyabá, where they soon reported a little gathering of some eighteen believers in that Capital. These are still carrying on the work among themselves, though greatly in need of a teacher.

In the Capital of Goyaz we had some difficulty in finding a suitable hall, but eventually succeeded in hiring a large dancing saloon. We had a good number of long forms made, and a small platform, and without any special invitations we commenced our meetings.

We had an attendance of quite two hundred people every night, all of them men, including many students, and the whole city was moved. The native worker preached during the first week, and his ardent words and presentation of facts and arguments were tremendously appreciated. He was very hard on the priests, and the Roman Catholic dogmas of Confession, Purgatory, and Worship of Images, and was hot and unsparing in his exposures of the corruption and folly of the Church. It was very fine in its way, and very popular with the people, but useless in the work of seeing souls saved. As soon as we started preaching Christ only, and repentance for the forgiveness of sins, the crowds dropped off at once; but we soon had some anxious enquirers, so that after fifteen days seven or eight men gave evidence of being really converted, six of them being Brazilian soldiers who, in their turn, worked most actively to interest their comrades, bringing them round to the little house we had rented, to talk with us. Some of them soon became marked men in the place, and had to suffer accordingly, on account of their faithful witness, and the enthusiastic way in which they scattered the Gospels and tracts with which we supplied them. This led to several others deciding for Christ, and the story of one of these soldiers I should like to relate:

His name was Genadio; only a poor underpaid Brazilian soldier in the far interior. No very happy lot, under the best of circumstances, for it is hard work to make both ends meet with a



JOHN CHRYSOSTIMO, A SOLDIER CONVERT.

salary of only twelve shillings a week and nothing found—even in Goyaz, the land of plenty; especially, too, when a man is addicted to tobacco and rum, as are ninety-nine in every hundred of this calling.

But in Genadio's case this was aggravated. He was the worst drunkard in his regiment, and always under the influence of the fiery stuff they call "cachaca," except when he was locked up in the guard-house—which was pretty often—as the result of some drunken misbehaviour.

Somehow or other Genadio suddenly manifested great interest in the Gospel. Just how it began I

cannot say—perhaps as an answer to somebody's prayers; but the fact remains that he was very serious and in earnest when he paid me his first visit. It is true he was rather unsteady on his legs when he entered, and a little thick in his speech, but even so I could not fail to note a despairing desire to know "this Gospel," which he understood had power to deliver him. "I'm going to leave all this," he muttered; "I want to join this religion; I want to save my soul." I spoke to him as well as I could, and gave him some good advice, but he seemed too stupefied with rum to understand. Finally he asked for a Gospel, and left. This was the first of his visits, which he repeated every few days in more or less the same condition, and each time he carried away a tract or a different Gospel with him.

His visits to the house of the "Protestante" were soon noticed, and provoked great hilarity among his companions, with whom the idea of Genadio's reformation was an impossible absurdity.

## THE SEQUEL.

They chaffed him unmercifully and gave me a fair share of the same, though at long range. "Oh," they cried, "if Genadio gets converted, we will all join this religion too!" But the poor fellow continued his visits, and redoubled his assertions and good resolutions with evident sincerity.

One day, however—his sixth visit—I thought the matter had gone far enough, and when he started with the usual string of good intentions for the future, I stopped him abruptly with an emphatic "Never!" He stopped and looked up at me in stupid surprise. What! he thought, was there then no hope for him? Had he been deceived all along with a vain idea that this new religion might deliver him from a bondage he loathed? "Never!" I repeated. "You never will be able to leave these vices, and all your good resolutions will *never* save you from hell—the end of every Christless life." He had nothing to say, so I continued: "Look here, you have been trying now for about two weeks, and far from improving, you even seem to get worse and worse, and you may as well know it sooner or later, *you* never can free yourself. You have tried and failed, now give God a chance; trust in the power of Jesus, who is able to save to the uttermost. He will not, cannot fail you." There and then we knelt down together, and he prayed; and that poor miserable drunkard in a moment was set free, and passed from death unto life.

Everybody was astonished, and could hardly believe their eyes, when they saw Genadio out, with a steady step and a transformed look on his face. He left his old associates, burnt up his pipe and tobacco, crowning it all three weeks later, when he was baptized on the 15th July, 1904 (together with some other soldier converts) into what he called "the new faith," which, indeed, is the old, old faith but was new to him.

Soon after this I visited the State Prison to see a convict, whom some of the soldier brethren had discovered, and through their testimony and example had won for Christ. Pedro Feliz was

reported to be strangely affected by this new doctrine, so I resolved to visit him on the eve of my return to São Paulo.

It appears he was a convict who had purchased a Bible from me, when I visited the prison nearly two years before, as already mentioned in Chapter V., and the study of it had brought light into his darkened heart in that vile, gloomy prison cell. But he yet lacked any knowledge of the forgiveness of sins, and so the faithful efforts of these young soldier converts completed what the Word of God had begun, and though he had been in prison for about ten years for a breach of the fifth commandment, and had yet ten more years to serve to complete his sentence, this man was really converted, and there was no mistaking it. Herded among twenty or thirty other criminals in one large compartment—as the custom is in Brazil—among men of the lowest type, he seemed to shine among them all, bravely bearing the scorn and persecution heaped upon him, and finding great consolation and joy in his Bible, and a book of Gospel hymns in Portuguese, his only possessions.

How glad he was to see me! How his face beamed through the iron grating that divided us! How he seemed to drink in my every word, while the other convicts gathered round with a dull, strange look on their unhappy faces.

For some time we conversed together, the other prisoners listening, and I was amazed to perceive the wonderful knowledge and understanding this man had of the Word of God, which he had read and re-read from cover to cover. But a cloud came over his face at the close, and he said, "Oh, Senhor Frederico, they say you are going away; I have not been baptized, as I have read that in the Bible they always did with the new converts. When you go I may never have another chance; what can I do?"

I comforted him as well as possible, with the thought that it was not baptism which saves, but real repentance and faith in Jesus Christ, such as he had, and that God would accept the will for the deed, seeing that in any case it would be impossible to

## THE SEQUEL.

baptize him there. "You may consider yourself," I told him, "as truly baptized in God's sight, since you are ready and willing to obey him in this act." But poor Pedro was not at all satisfied with this way of looking at the matter; the prison guards had been baptized and were very happy over it, so he felt bitterly.

We parted rather sadly, as next day I was to saddle up on my long journey—nearly three weeks—to São Paulo, perhaps never to return.

That same night I was busy making my final preparations for the next day's departure, when I received a roughly scrawled note from the convict Pedro, informing me that just after my departure, and quite unexpectedly, he and another prisoner, accompanied by guards, had been chosen to carry the prison sweepings to the River Vermelho, about half a mile from the convict prison. He begged me to meet him on the river bank before six in the morning, and to baptize him there. Before daybreak I was there, and had just chosen a suitable spot, when I saw a little group coming down over the fields from the prison, and what was my surprise and satisfaction to find that four of the five guards chosen to accompany the convicts were converted and baptized men. In a few minutes a hymn was sung, the short service and ceremony was over, and we parted again, while with a joyful face Pedro returned to his dirty prison cell, his evil fellow companions, and his ten more years of life in a Brazilian convict prison, and I saw him no more.

I returned to São Paulo after an absence of a year and a half, and since that time to the present year of 1906 the work at the places mentioned has grown and extended in a remarkable way, though we are greatly in need of more workers for these interior Stations.

Pedro, the convict, is doing well, and writes to me regularly letters full of love and zeal for the salvation of others, and quite apostolic in their character. He has been used of God in the conversion of three fellow convicts, and some three or four other

persons besides, and that, in spite of much persecution. Enabled to earn a little money plaiting hats and repairing boots, he contributes and sends continually and most generously to the funds of our Mission headquarters in São Paulo.

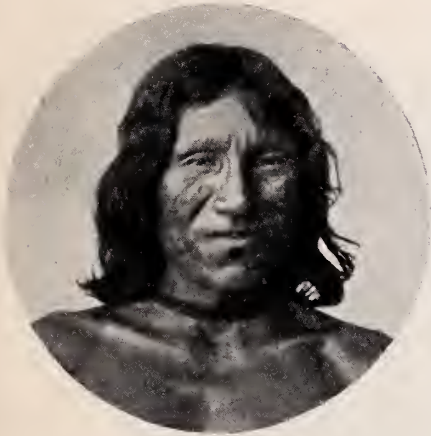
Many other instances I could mention of men and women coming into the light through the instrumentality of the Bible and some living witness, such as these soldiers were to the poor convict; but I am also persuaded that there are many thousands, who may never figure in our calculations or reports, who, nevertheless, will be found at that day among those who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, and whose first ray of divine light was found in the pages of some little Gospel or New Testament sown by the wayside during the journey related in the foregoing pages.



## APPENDIX.

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### A Forgotten People.—The Indian Tribes of Central Brazil



THE Indian population of South America has been roughly estimated at from 10 to 12 millions, but considering that the vast interior of Central Brazil (a territory about two-thirds the size of British India), is almost an unknown land, such figures are very problematical.

Of these South American Indians probably more than half are of civilized, or semi-civilized tribes, such as are commonly met with in the Argentine, Paraguayan, Peruvian, Bolivian, and other Republics, whereas, in the Central and Northern parts of Brazil, there exist numerous tribes of Indians in a complete state of barbarism, some even reputed to be cannibals.

The country they inhabit is hundreds of miles away from the last outpost of civilization, in a geographically unknown territory, where they live with as much freedom and independence as when South America was first discovered.

They engage in inter-tribal warfare occasionally, and one tribe, known as the *Canoeiras*, met with in the Northern part of Goyaz and Maranhão, is noted and feared for the terrible audacity and cunning of its warriors.

When a *Canoeira* strikes, destruction is certain, for he never does so without choosing an opportune moment, though this may cost him many months of incessant spying by way of preparation, and wherever they pass they leave devastation and death behind them.

Almost the only weapon used by all these Indians is the bow and arrow, with which they are extraordinarily skilful, and they turn it to good account in hunting and fishing, which are almost their only occupations and means of livelihood.

At times they also use long, heavy clubs, which they fling with deadly effect.

In the manufacture of these arms they often show great skill and taste, and it is possible to distinguish one tribe from another by the method of manufacture and decoration of their bows.

They live principally on fish, with an occasional change in the way of river turtles, wild boars and deer, with which latter the forests abound.

They use no salt whatever with their food. The flesh is roasted on spits, and the fish they cook by wrapping it in a banana, or other large leaf, and



AN INDIAN HUNTER.

burying it in the sand. A fire is then made above, and left for a certain time till the fish is cooked. I am told that the result is excellent.

Happily all tribes are not of such a ferocious character as the Canoeiros, and we are particularly interested in two, called Chavantes and Carajás, who inhabit the banks of the mighty Araguay, a river which separates the two States of Goyaz and Matto Grosso.

The Chavantes are of a specially manly type, and noted with that muscular beauty we admire in Roman and Grecian statues.



The Carajàs, though more primitive than their neighbours, are less energetic and animal; but, though quieter and more sympathetic in appearance, they also are splendidly formed men, and most agile hunters. In common with almost all other tribes they have beautiful, long, black, glossy hair, which, parted in the centre of their foreheads, flows loosely over their shoulders. Their colour is of a very handsome coppery bronze, which shines like the polished metal itself. Their eyes are very black, almost animal like in their brilliance and nervous restlessness; always alert to ascertain the cause of the most insignificant sound or movement made in their neighbourhood. They choose their own chief, who is blindly followed in all concerning hunting, fishing, or warfare. They use no kind of clothing whatever, and are perfectly unashamed.

The three Indians shown on the frontispiece of this book belong to a large tribe (Bororó), who inhabit the territory lying between Cuyabá and the Rio Grande, or Araguay River.

When I saw them, they were attired in all their savage finery, but this is only seen on special occasions. The central figure is a woman.

A short time ago, while I was on a visit to the city of Goyaz, the outpost of civilization in that part of Brazil, a group of some twenty Carajàs visited that city. Their unclad, improper appearance, right in the centre of the city, made such an impression that the local Government obliged them to accept some conventional print shirts and trousers.

The way they donned these strange garments was most ludicrous. They had not the slightest idea of how to put a shirt on, so we had to go to their aid, and with some difficulty we got their arms in correctly, while they stood in a most helpless and half suspicious kind of way.

Finally the humour of the situation seemed to dawn on them, and they indulged in some guttural guffaws and comical smiles. I'm afraid they made short work of the Government generosity as soon as they departed.

The Carajàs, the tribe particularly referred to, are easily distinguished by a circle, about the size of a shilling, cut with a sharp stone over both cheek bones.

I believe the Carajà home life is of an affectionate kind, and the Indian mothers are very attached to their children.

A great and festive day in an Indian Village is when the infant Indian warrior is named. The babe is first anointed with a kind of vegetable gum, and then covered with beautiful, small, white feathers, while its little head is decorated with a kind of crown of large, gay coloured feathers also. Thus prepared, the babe awaits the terrible ordeal, while the mother, convulsed in sobs, is held in her husband's arms. It is just before daybreak, and on the highest ground of the village; their companions are gathered round,

chanting some crude Indian melody, and awaiting the first peep of day. As soon as the first ray of the rising sun appears, the "báre," a kind of witch doctor, starts jumping and gesticulating in an excited manner, and suddenly, with a loud shriek, he pronounces a name, and at the same moment seizes and pierces the lower lip of the poor baby with a sharp pointed bone, used for this purpose.

The name is chosen on the spur of the moment, and depends on what chances to catch the "báre's" attention at the time. It may be a cloud, a passing bird, a leaf, a palm tree seen afar off against the brightening sky, a vanishing star, a butterfly or a humming bird. And the gathered Indians all repeat the chosen name. "Piô-dudo" and "Piô-dudo" is re-echoed through the village; and he thus receives official recognition as a member of the tribe. Later on an ornament of wood or shell is inserted in the orifice pierced in the young warrior's lip.

The Indians have many unwritten laws, which seem to show that the Spirit of God does work even among barbarian races, and that independently of churches or missionaries, if necessary.

Polygamy, adultery, or any union even, outside the married state, are punished with death. The unmarried of both sexes are compelled to wear, as a distinctive mark, a kind of broad, black garter, above the knee, and a similar band on their wrists.

These are removed only when marriage takes place, which is only effected when the young man gives public proof of his physical strength and ability to protect his wife and carry her off in case of danger.

The orphans of a deceased warrior are always adopted by the chief and



supported by the tribe, which also supports the old and infirm among its people.

It is to these Indians that the S. A. E. M. desires to call your particular attention, as, with our present chain of stations right across Goyaz State, we are now in a position to consider the question of taking the Gospel to these long-forgotten races.

With the city, and capital, of Goyaz once occupied, we will possess an excellent base for this great enterprise, as that city is the nearest to the territory of the Carajá Indians. We already have converts and influential friends there, and it is connected by telegraph with the city of São Paulo, where our Headquarters are situated.

In conclusion, it is not possible to speak positively as to how this great work will be initiated, as much will depend upon circumstances and experience as the way opens up, but a provisionary expedition will first of all be advisable, which, leaving the town of Goyaz, will proceed to the banks of the River Araguay, distant about 120 miles, on horseback. Here it



A CARAJA INDIAN.

will be necessary to make a substantial "dug-out" canoe, and travel down the river some five days to the Bananal Island, which is formed by two arms of the Araguay.

This is the home of the Carajá Indian (pronounced Cara-zhar), and a good point for reaching the Cherentes, Chavantes and other neighbouring tribes. The site for our first Mission Station will need to be chosen with the greatest care, owing to the tremendous floods which, in the rainy season, are common in this region. Great faith and courage are required to face the privations and perils of such a life, and considerable care and grace will be needed ere the naturally suspicious and timid nature of these Indians can be overcome, and their confidence and respect gained by our example and love, as the few Indians who have come in contact with the white people have generally been cruelly and unjustly treated, and have been embittered in consequence. Then their language must be acquired by dint of observation and a keen ear, for it is at present an unknown and unwritten one, and much time may elapse before the first fruit for Christ is gathered out from these tribes.

When this is done, something must be done to improve their social condition: they must be taught to help themselves by learning the rudiments of agriculture, the use of tools, the making of cloth, and the rearing of domestic animals, all of which things they are completely ignorant of at present. But this is anticipating too much, the need at present is for men and means to start this work.

So far nothing has ever been done for these people, for whom Christ died; for the difficulties and dangers entailed in such a work have been considered too great.

Are there no David Brainerds to-day? This valiant soldier of the cross was not kept back by similar difficulties and dangers when, 150 years ago, he gave his life for a small tribe of North American Indians, that has since become extinct. And yet not altogether extinct, for there will be many who will take their place among those kindreds and tribes and tongues, and shall stand before the Lamb, clothed in white robes. Must not these be represented too? May not God have some special work for you to do in this matter?

"Only the fringe of the great Continent of South America has been touched by missionary effort. Beyond the dominant races—Spanish and Portuguese—there are peoples living amid the gloom of the Brazilian forest, and on the heights of the Andes, "without God and without hope."

—*Regions Beyond.*



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